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The Rock of Moses.

On either side of the ridge, which embraces both Horeb and Sinai, there stretches a wady, or vale, from the plain of er-Rahah.

The western wady, the Leja vale, is a 'cul de sac,' its southern extremity being shut in by Mount Catherine, which, by the way, is noted for the chapel of that saint upon its summit, its fine pastures and fragrant herbs, and is clothed from base to top with a luxuriant vegetation. The gorge of Leja, as its name denotes, is filled with huge masses of rock

THE ROCK OF MOSES AT THE BASE OF SINAI.

that have dropped into it from the overhanging precipices of the Sinai range; but notwithstanding this fact and its narrowness, it is very far from being a desert. Of all the valleys it is the most richly provided with springs; and not only is it fed from the highest mountains, which are of course the best supplied with snow, but it has the further advantage of being less exposed on the north to the drying and scorching heat of the sun. It is so healthy that it has been suggested as an excellent sanatorium for sickly citizens of Egypt; and it is not unfruitful or terribly desolate, for at or near the Convent of the Forty Martyrs, or el-Arbain, there still exists a popular grove, along with olive-trees, figs, pears, apples, apricots, yellow plums, almonds, lemons, oranges, and other honored members of the vegetable world, which speak more of a paradise than a desert.

The Leja gorge has other objects of interest, if we may give credit to the legends of the district, and have the credulity of ordinary pilgrims; for example, the spot where Aaron in his weak submission to the idolatrous cries of the people fashioned the golden calf; the seat of Moses; and, most interesting of all, half-way up the valley there is still pointed out the rock which Moses struck with his rod at the bidding of Jehovah, and from which water flowed forth miraculously to quench the thirst of the people and allay 'the chiding of the children of Israel,' who said, 'Is the Lord among us, or not?' (Exodus xvii., 5-7.) There is, unfortunately, not the slightest foundation for the last of these legends; the red block of granite, with its twelve mouths called the 'twelve tribes,' is only one of many similar masses of rock that have fallen from the cliffs above, and two other points tell with irrefutable severity against the idle story—viz., that the vale of Leja can at no time have suffered from lack of water, and that Rephidim, where the miracle occurred, lies altogether out of the locality of this peculiar stone. As the gigantic block has been for ages wondered at by pilgrims as the miraculous memorial of Massah and Meribah—it has a certain interest for us, and our readers will willingly scan for a moment the clear and full description of it given by Dr. Kitto.

'It is therefore so elevated a valley that it would be indeed miraculous were there no water in or near it. This valley is very narrow and exceedingly stony, many large blocks having rolled down from the mountains which overhang it. Upon the whole, there is not in the entire neighborhood of the mountains a spot more unlikely to have been the scene of the miracle. However, in a space where the valley is about two hundred yards broad, there is an insulated block of red granite about twelve feet high, and of an irregular shape, approaching to a cube, which the monks in the neighboring convent concur with the Arabs in pointing out as the rock which Moses struck with his rod. . . . Down its front, in an oblique line from top to bottom, runs a seam of finer texture, having in it several irregular horizontal crevices, somewhat resembling the human mouth, one above another. They are said to be twelve in number, but Dr. Robinson could only make out ten. He did not think them artificial, but belonging rather to the nature of the seam in which they are found; but it is possible that some of them have been enlarged by artificial means. The seam extends quite through the block, and is seen at the back, where also there are similar crevices, although not quite so large. The rock is a singular one, and, doubtless, was selected on account of that singularity, as the scene of the miracle, without regard to the historical probabilities of the case. There are some apertures upon its surface from which the water is said to have issued; they are about ten in number, and lie nearly in a straight line around the three sides of the stone, and are, for the most part, ten or twelve inches long, two or three inches broad, and from one to two inches deep; but a few are as deep as four inches.

The Reading of a Young Minister.

(The Rev. David Burrell, D.D., LL.D., in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

A young pastor of my acquaintance in a Western city has recently shown me a list of his book purchases. On taking the pains to analyze it I find an easy explanation of a good many things in the life and character, mental and spiritual equipment and ministry of this young man.

He is a Bachelor of Arts, a graduate of one of our well-known Theological Seminaries, a candidate for the degree of Ph.D., and 'par excellence' a scholar 'abreast of the age.'

He informs me that he regards it as a matter of supreme importance that a minister should be 'abreast of the age.' Now there might be room for a difference of opinion just there, but it is scarcely worth while. What I wish to call attention to particularly is his blundering and ineffective way of trying to reach the desired end. He has provided himself with pretty much all the output of the publishing houses on theological and allied lines of controversy. His library shelves, which I have looked over, are filled with the latest scientific, philosophical and religious books. He makes a point of reading the literary reviews and makes his purchases accordingly.

And he is a voracious reader. He spends two hours every forenoon in devouring these volumes, a habit which he characterizes as 'study collateral with his ministry.' I observed a lamp-stand by the head-board of his bed and James's 'Religious Experience' beside it; from which I infer that he gathers poppies as well as more fregrant and stimulating flowers from his literary garden. In my early ministry I consumed books in the same way, and regard- * * as necessary to my keeping 'abreast of

the age.' No doubt there are others making the same mistake. It is to such that I would address a few earnest words: in pursuance of the injunction in Zechariah's prophecy, 'Run, speak to this young man.'

The first thing to be said is that the method referred to is a wrong adjustment of means to the desired end. The character of current literature is such that the minister who devours it indiscriminately, so far from keeping well 'abreast of the age,' is sure to find himself a long ways in advance of it. No doubt there are aspiring souls who covet this distinction; but the best horses are those that neither lag nor run away but pull in harness. The old saying, 'The heretics of yesterday are the orthodox leaders of to-day,' besides being false has a good deal to answer for. The flying-machine may some time be more perfected, but Darius Green will never be up to date. Now and then dreams come true by virtue of coincidence, but the dream-book is of no intrinsic value. The best minister is the man who takes the established facts of revelation and experience as his postulates and invests them to the best advantage for the highest good of his fellows and the glory of God.

To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

The second thin to be said to the omnivorous reader of current literature is that he is indulging in flagrant dissipation. Let any hundred books be taken from the recent catalogues, and it may safely be said that ninety-nine of them will be consigned to the limbo Oblivion in a very little while. This is a fine illustration of the Survival of the Fittest. Books die when they are not fit to live. But what of the man who prides himself on the quantity which he devours of this sort of pabulum? We have much to say about the dissipation of those who read worthless fiction; but fiction is not the only light literature. The lightest literature of our time comes from the religious press. There is less of fact, less of good rhetoric, less of coherent thought and of sound logic in the scientific and philosophic books of our time than in its novels. There is more of guess work, improbability, pure assumption and perversion of the inductive method in the Higher Criticism than in Jules Verne. Science, which boasts its derivation from a word meaning 'to know,' has a more extensive necropolis than Superstition, where its theories lie buried, row on row, with none so poor to do them reverence.

Let no man flatter himself that the reading of everything that bears the imprimatur of the schools is study. By far the largest part of it is purest dissipation; as absorbing, captivating, corrupting and enslaving as the use of strong liquor or chloral. It destroys the taste for better things and unfits the mind for the consideration of serious truth.

The third thing for this universal and indiscriminate reader to reflect upon is his fraudulent claim to broad culture. He is deluded with the idea that he is familiarizing himself with the wide field of literature when in fact he sits perched on a very small arc of a very great circle. Literature is not a mass of current publication but a library of historic masterpieces. The man who prides himself on an intimate acquaintance with contemporary volumes, while neglecting the classic productions of the past, is not a 'literateur,' but a literary ignoramus.

In my conversation with the young minister referred to in the beginning of this paper, it transpired that he had never read the 'Pilgrim's Progress!' He was familiar with Professor Drummond's books, but he confessed that he knew next to nothing about Butler's Analogy, that imperishable masterpiece of analogical reasoning! He reveled in F. B. Meyer's devotional books, but had not considered it worth while to get and read Thomas à Kempis! Baxter's 'Saints' Rest' he frankly characterized as 'a back number.' Of the best volumes of the past generally he was proudly ignorant. All because of his resolute purpose to keep 'abreast of the age.' Intoxicated youth! It is doubtful if he can ever become a true scholar, so wholly is he addicted to his silly cups.

To say that, in these days of making many books, the only ones worth reading are those which have stood the test of reasonable time is only to repeat what has been said over and over again. If I could reach the ear of every young minister I would say: Buy for your library, as fast as your salary will permit, such volumes, bearing directly or collaterally on your work, as the years have sealed with their approval. Buy the great masterpieces and read them. Buy books of reference and encyclopedias which have been tested by earnest experience. Buy Biblical commentaries, not at random nor at the suggestion of reviewers, but such as successful ministers use and commend. Buy books, whether of science or philosophy, that found their propositions not on hypotheses but on postulates of truth. Let others experiment on the newest things; enter you on the fruit of their experimentation. The good books are so many that you are without excuse for buying or reading any other. You will best keep 'abreast of the age' by qualifying yourself to bring all the wisdom of all the centuries, the truth of this and every age, to bear upon the needs of the time we are living in.

Life Divine.

Each hour we think
Of others more than self, that hour will live again,
And every lowly sacrifice we make
For others' good shall make life more than self,
And ope the windows of thy soul to light
From higher spheres. So hail thy lot with joy.

Truth lies in intuitions of the soul,
For thee shall evermore be worlds to come
And melt the clouds in arching irises
On heights cerulean. Help every one
And hinder none: forgiveness thee forgives
And makes thy life divine.
—Hezekiah Butterworth.

Salvation not a Machinery.

(Gipsy Smith, in the 'Faithful Witness.')

'My father was frequently engaged by a gentlemen in Norwich, Mr. George Chamberlain, to do evangelistic work in the vicinity. At the time of this story there was an exhibition of machinery in connection with the agricultural show then being held in the old city. Mr. Chamberlain gave my father a ticket of admission to it, saying, "Go, Cornelius, see what there is to be seen; it will interest you. I'm coming down myself very soon." When Mr. Chamberlain reached the ground he found my father standing on a machine, with a great crowd, to whom he was preaching the gospel, gathered round him. He gazed upon the spectacle with delight and astonishment. When my father came down from his pulpit, Mr. Chamberlain said to him:

'"Well, Cornelius, what led you to address the people—without any previous arrangement, too, and without consulting the officials? I sent you here to examine the exhibits."

'"That's all right," said my father; "but the fact is, I looked round at all the latest inventions, and I did not see one that even claimed to take away the guilt and the power of sin from men's hearts. I knew of something that could do this, and I thought these people should be told about it. There were such a lot of them, too, that I thought it was a very good opportunity."

'My father was on one occasion preaching in the open air to a great crowd at Leytonstone. A coster passing by in his donkey-cart shouted out; "Go it, old party; you'll get 'arf a crown for that Job!" Father stopped his address for a moment, and said, quietly, "No, young man, you are wrong. My Master never gives half-crowns away. He gives whole ones. 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.' The coster and his "moke" passed on.'

How a Chinese Slave Girl Led a Friend to the Light.

(Mary V. Glenton, M.D., in the 'Spirit of Missions.')

One day last December a little girl came into the dispensary waiting-room at the Pao Ngan Gate. She sat waiting her turn as did the others and then presented her poor little swollen body for treatment. The verdict was, 'Come to the hospital; we may be able to help you; we may not; but we promise to do the best we can.'

Sometimes such a suggestion is acted upon, sometimes not, and when the girl said, 'I'll come to-morrow,' we had our doubts, especially as 'to-morrow' turned out to be a day of pouring rain. The Chinese dislike rain, and the women hate it worse than the men. So we were surprised that afternoon to receive our little girl. She had come a distance of nine li (three miles), the rain beating down on her bare head in all the fervor and vigor of a semi-tropical rain-pour such as we have quite often in the Yang-tse valley.

She improved slightly at first, but we soon discovered that this was one of the cases in which we could do nothing beyond trying to make her last days comfortable. Her owners—she was a slave—told us that if she recovered she would be taken back; if not, we might keep her. They had tried to sell her when she first became sick, but she was not considered a bargain, strange to say. When we questioned her about her family, in order to have some one to call on beside the 'yamen' people, should matters take a serious turn, she told us where to find a woman who was taking the place of a mother to her, and thereby hangs the interesting part of this tale.

The father of Lei Hsi—for that was the little one's name—was an opium smoker, very cross and cruel to his children. Lei Hsi was sent out every day to beg rice and vegetables; if she came home at night with none, she was severely beaten. When Lei Hsi's father died, the mother turned her out into the street. An acquaintance recognized her, and thinking that the little girl had either run away or lost herself, took her back to her mother, who was ashamed to own that she had turned the child out to a street life and its degradation. In about a month Lei Hsi was turned out again. This time she was recognized by someone who knew the true state of affairs, and who advised her to offer herself as slave to a yamen. She was taken and sold from one yamen to another, even spending some time in Shanghai. She was unable to tell us the name of her home city, as she had drifted round this way for five wretched years.

(To be continued.)

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BOYS AND GIRLS

Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Come, ye disconsolate, wher'er ye languish;
Come to the mercy seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven can not heal.

Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
'Earth has no sorrow that heaven can not cure.'

Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

—Thomas Moore.

The Goblins.

(I. W. Blake, in the 'Sunday School Times.')

Marjorie drew the sheet snugly over her ears. The sound did not stop. Again came that low, soft moaning trill, then again and again! This time, forgetting all about her resolution to be brave, Marjorie screamed. She knew that the family had all gone down to watch the moon rise over the eastern shore of the tiny lake. Rebecca, the colored cook, was the only person in the house. Perhaps she would hear her—but there was no answer.

Now thoroughly frightened, for she had been only a week in Florida, and she was a city-bred girl everything was so new and strange to her—Marjorie screamed again. This time Rebecca came running up stairs.

'Wha's de matter, chile?' she exclaimed, as she found Marjorie with her head tucked beneath the bed-clothes. 'Wha' in de name ob goodness ails yoh, honey? Jes' tell Becky. Dah, dah, doan' kiver yoh head so tight,' and she drew away the sheet, and found poor Marjorie shivering with fear.

Lifting the child in her strong arms, Rebecca hugged her close, until the sobs stopped, and Marjorie was at last able to catch her breath.

'That horrid noise!' whispered Marjorie. Oh, there is something out there! It's sick or—Oh! it's awful!

'Why—ee, honey,' said Rebecca, 'dah ain't nuffin' out dat winder. Dah's only trees, jes trees, an' de fence. Dah's nuffin' else,—'cept dem mockers. Maybe dey's singin' in dey sleep.

'No, no!' cried Marjorie. 'There! There it is again! Hark Hark!'

Then again came that queer, thrilling moan, repeated several times. Marjorie pressed her head close to Rebecca's soft brown cheek, quite pale with fear.

'Dah, dah! said Rebecca soothingly, as she stroked Marjorie's long golden hair. 'It's lucky yoh ain't no culled baby. No culled mammy'd have patience ter let her baby git skeered with sech er t'ing es dat. It's all kase yoh from de Norf, so we s boun' ter cuddle yoh er bit. Now, w'ere's dat shawl. Ise goin' ter wrop dis baby up tight an' tek her right out ter w'ere dat noise am goin' on. Dah, now, jes' tuck yoh head right down on Becky's shoulder, an' we'll go an' put er stop ter all dis foolishness.'

Then, in spite of Marjorie's struggles and pleadings, Rebecca carried her down the broad stairs, and to a wide piazza that opened out toward the moon-lit orange grove.

'Dah!' she said, as she sat down on the steps, and snuggled Marjorie in her arms, 'Now, jes' keep yoh head kivered jes' as long as yoh like, an' git jes' as skeered es yoh want ter, but yoh'll jes' quit all dis yere foolishness in a li'le while, or my name ain't Becky Brown. Now, lis'en ter dat mocker. My! Doan' he sing pretty!'

Little by little, Marjorie uncovered first her nose, then her mouth, then her eyes, and finally her ears. The mocking bird, although he was only half awake, did sing beautifully, and perhaps she had been foolish—but no! That was not the sound she had heard.

'Oh, jes' wait, honey!' said Rebecca. 'We'll keep jes' es still as er mouse. Bime-by we'll hear dat noise ag'in.'

'What was it?' begged Marjorie. 'Please tell me. Now do tell me, Becky!'

'No, chile,' replied Rebecca. 'It'll come, bime-by. Now le's count all de diff'unt sounds we kin hear. Dis ain't like de Norf, yoh see. We hab heaps of queer noises in Floridy, dat yoh doan' hear up dah. Oh, ya-as, I bin ter de Norf, an' I was pow'ful glad ter git back home 'gin.'

So Rebecca and Marjorie sat and listened. First came the peeping of thousands of frogs, both big and little, with their notes running from the shrill piping of the young frogs, all the way down the scale, to the deep bass of the great bull frogs. Then, the song of another sleepy mocking bird, and far, far away among the swamp oaks in some lonely bit of wood-land, there came the repeated whistle of a bird, which seems to say over and over, 'chuck-Will's-widow,' the name by which he goes. Then, the dull bark of an alligator, but this only once, for an alligator does not have much to say; and then they heard the curious song of a cow-boy, calling to his scattered bunch of cattle—they speak of a drove of cattle as a 'bunch' in the South—for they had strayed away, and had kept him hunting for them long after sundown. Then they heard voices and laughter down by the lake, and gradually Marjorie began to quite forget the alarming sounds she had heard. She was really growing sleepy. Suddenly she felt Rebecca press her arm.

'Wake up!' she whispered. 'Doan' speak—jes' look!' Wide awake in an instant, Marjorie raised herself in Rebecca's arms, and hardly daring to breathe, she looked in the same direction toward which Rebecca's eyes were turned.

Some ten feet distant ran a low fence, and perched upon the top rail was a queer tuft of feathers. It was about as large as a small chilken, and it sat motionless in the moonlight. Again Rebecca whispered:

'Keep still, now. Doan' yoh squeal, no matter w'at comes. Hark!'

Then something queer happened.

As she straightened herself up, still holding fast to Marjorie's hand, there came from out of Rebecca's round throat an exact imitation of the moaning, thrilling cry that seemed so terrifying to Marjorie! And lo! from that innocent tuft of feathers seated upon the rail, there came another cry in answer!

Marjorie's fear was gone. Some way, the sound did not seem at all dreadful, now that she could see what a 'mite' of a thing was making such a goblin-like noise. She was all eager to know what the 'thing' could be—so full of trills and moans, but she did not dare to speak, for fear of frightening it away.

'Dah, honey!' whispered Rebecca. 'It's er owl—jes' er little screech owl. Ise called dem jes' like dis, heaps ob times. Dat's w'at skeered yoh, chile. Now, ain't yoh jes' 'shamed? Hol'on er minit. Dat's de ole owl. Now, min' out for de baby owls. I'll keep er callin' till dey come, too. Dey ain't fur off.'

Sure enough, before long, for Rebecca continued to call, there was a bit of a sound—so soft that it could hardly be called a sound of wings, because the owl flies very silently—and then, one by one, there came five little baby owls, and perched in a row along the rail! A pretty sight they were, this mother owl and her family, sitting there so quietly in the golden moonlight. Six puffy, fluffy balls of feathers, so soft and gray! And these were the goblins that had made this terrible noise!

'Dah!' laughed Rebecca softly. 'Dat ain't hardly worth gittin' so skeered ober, was dey, honey? Dey won't stay here long, foh de mammy owl, she be teachin' de li'le ones ter fly an' ter hunt. Huh! dah dey go! De whole fambly. Whoo! Whoo! Well, goo' bye. Missy Owl! We's all goin' ter bed, now. Goo' night!'

Two Sermons.

'Where's Lillian?' asked Lillian's mamma, coming out to the broad side veranda where Karl and Cousin Tom were swinging lazily back and forth in their hammocks.

'Oh, I saw her going across the meadow with Czar and Don Pedro. She had a paper bag which I dare say was filled with Mrs. Haskins's doughnuts,' replied Karl, reaching out and drawing a rocker for his mother. Karl Webster never forgot to be courteous.

Mrs. Webster seated herself, and for awhile she kept time with the swaying hammocks and enjoyed the quiet of the summer afternoon. Presently she said, with a little anxiety in her tones:

'Karl, it seems to me that you are not getting much color, nor making muscle very fast. I hoped this country living would put some strength into you.'

'I don't get very rugged, that's a fact!' replied Karl.

'You won't be fit to go back to school in the fall at this rate. I believe you ought to be taking some sort of a tonic. I don't see what is the matter; with such good country board and fresh, pure air, and going to bed early, you ought to be growing strong like Tom. I'd give almost anything to see you able to match your strength against his.'

'I'll tell you what is the matter,' said Tom, bringing himself to a sitting posture and resting his feet upon the floor. 'Karl, you needn't shake your head at me; I am going to say it. Aunt Nannie, Karl smokes too many cigarettes.'

'Nonsense!' said Karl, half angrily, 'I don't smoke any, to speak of.'

'I'd like to see the fellow who does if you don't, that's all!' retorted Tim. 'If you will break off smoking for six months you will get color and muscle fast enough.'

'What stuff!'

'It isn't stuff, and you know it!' persisted Tom; 'the trouble is you can't stop it.'

'Can't do what?'

'You can't stop.'

'I tell you, Tom Wheeler, I can stop any time I please.'

'Why don't you?'

'Because I don't see any reason for taking the trouble.'

Tom laughed. 'Then you own it would be a trouble?'

'I don't own any such thing. You know I didn't mean that. It wouldn't be any trouble, but of course I wouldn't smoke unless I enjoyed it, and I do not propose to give up the pleasure of a good smoke without reasons for doing so.'

'I could give you several good reasons,' said Tom, quietly.

'Well, let's have them. You have been aching to preach ever since you came, and now let's have it out.' Karl spoke half angrily, and Mrs. Webster, fearing a quarrel, said:

'Now, boys, don't get into an argument. I wish Karl wouldn't smoke; but I can tell you, Tom, it will not do any good to argue with him, and you will both get excited and end in a dispute.'

'Oh, no, Aunt Nannie, don't worry; we won't quarrel, but since Karl has given me a chance, I am going to tell him a thing or two.'

'It's all-right! Mamma, we promise not to quarrel; I want to hear what kind of a sermon this young academic can preach! Go ahead, Tom!'

Tom left the hammock, and stood leaning, boy-fashion, against one of the veranda pillars, and I must confess that his hands were thrust into his pockets. He looked straight at the floor for a moment as if he expected to find the heads of his sermon written out there, then he looked up with a queer smile and began:

'Well, in the first place, it is an expensive habit. It costs like everything—you complained the other day that you were out of pocket money, and to my certain knowledge you have spent more for cigarettes since we came here than I have for everything else, and I don't think I have been very saving, either. A boy can't afford to smoke unless he has a pile of money; and the worst of it is, the habit grows, and the more you spend the more you have to!'

'Go ahead! You are making out quite a sermon!' and Karl shifted his position slightly, so as to turn his face away from his mother's gaze.

'Well, in the second place, it is a very injurious habit.'

I don't see how you make that out. There is my father—he smokes, and he is the very picture of health. If I am not strong, it does not follow that it is because I smoke a little. There's baby Bess—next thing you'll be saying she smokes, for she is as thin and pale as I am. Clara and Lillian take after papa, they are strong and rugged, while Bess and I are like mamma.'

'Hold on!' said Tom, 'I have something to say on that point. I have heard my father say that Uncle Chester never smoked until he went into the army after he was grown up, and it does make a difference whether one smokes before he gets his growth and his manhood's strength.'

'Well, you have a very ingenious way of putting things, I must say; got any more arguments?'

'Oh, yes! I am saving the strongest for the wind-up! Cigarette smoking has caused a great many boys and young men to die miserable deaths. And you know as well as I do that several great men have died of cancer in the throat or mouth, caused by smoking. And, Karl—another thing; mother never lets Daisy be with any one who smokes, and I have noticed that baby Bess is always hanging about you; you hold her while you smoke and she breathes the smoke of your cigarette—maybe that has something to do with her being so thin and pale as well as you.'

Mrs. Webster's face wore a troubled expression. Was this which her nephew was saying true? If so, it was time for her to interfere. Tom continued: 'Now, Karl, just one thing more. It is a habit that is disagreeable to a great many people. Once in a while you hear some one say that they like the odor of a cigar, but, as a rule, people who do not smoke, especially ladies, dislike it very much. For my part, I am too fond of the good opinion of other people to run the risk of disgusting someone to whom I would like to be agreeable, by getting steeped in tobacco.'

'Well, I must say you are a plain-spoken fellow! Where did you get all that knowledge on the subject? Seems to me you are talking rather beyond your years—pretty well for a Sophomore in the academy!'

'Karl, interrupted Mrs. Webster, 'I wish you would go and look up Lillian. I feel anxious about her; it looks as though we were going to have a storm, too.'

'Oh, Aunt Nannie. You needn't send him off; I won't talk any more.'

'I do not mean you to, my dear; but I really feel quite worried about Lillian.'

Karl caught up his hat and went off across the field in the direction Lillian had taken half an hour before. Across the meadow, along by the edge of the wood and down into the pasture he went. Presently he saw a pretty sight. The little girl was seated upon the ground, wild flowers all about her; her bag lay beside her, and so absorbed was she in old Czar that she did not notice that Don Pedro had his nose in the bag. Czar was trying to get bites of her doughnut, and she was shaking her head at him and expostulating Coming up behind her quietly, Karl heard her say:

'Down, Czar! down! Can't you let me eat my cake in peace? Bridget told me to go around to the side piazza and eat my luncheon, but my! there's always so much tobacco smell there, and I hate tobacco! I wish Karl didn't smoke. I should like to kiss my big bruver once in a while, only he smells so of tobacco. Clara does not like it, either! Get down, Czar! Cousin Tom don't smoke—so now I know boys don't have to smoke—I thought they did have to until Tom came. Czar—do dogs ever smoke? Say, doggie, I'll give you half my cake if you'll never, never smoke! Promise?' Evidently the short bark of the dog was taken as a pledge, for at once the cake was broken, and Czar received his share, together with considerable patting and childish words of commendation. 'Good doggie, you are sweet and clean; I'd just as soon hug and kiss you as not!' and the chubby arms went around the dog's neck in the most affectionate way, and in a way which Karl could not remember their being clasped about his neck. Karl was a loving brother, fond of his little sisters, and he had sometimes been pained at Lillian's seeming want of affection for him. Could it be, he now asked himself, that it was a fact, as Tom had hinted, that he had made himself disagreeable to his own sister?'

'Lillian!' he called, as if he had just spied her, 'mamma wants you; come, let's have a skip and a hop, and run for the house.'

That evening Karl stood alone on the veranda when his mother, coming out to him, laid her hand on his arm, and began to speak.

'Karl, I have been thinking about what Tom said this afternoon.'

'Mother, you needn't think about it—I had two sermons this afternoon and I'm converted. My cigarette case lies over there somewhere in the brush heap they are going to light some of these evenings. I'll own to you that it will be hard work, but I can and I will.'

And he did.—'Temperance Banner.'

The Question.

However the battle is ended,
Though proudly the victor comes
With fluttering flags and prancing nags
And echoing roll of drums,
Still truth proclaims this motto,
In letters of living light—
'No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.'

Though the heel of the strong oppressor
May grind the weak in the dust,
And the voices of fame with one acclaim
May call him great and just,
Let those who applaud take warning,
And keep this motto in sight—
'No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.'

Let those who have failed take courage;
Though the enemy seems to have won,
Though his ranks are strong, if he be in the wrong,
The battle is not yet done;
For sure as the morning follows
The darkest hour of the night,
'No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.'

O man bowed down with labor!
O woman young, yet old!
O heart oppressed in the toiler's breast,
And crushed by the powers of gold!
Keep on with your weary battle
Against triumphant might;
'No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.'

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The Watchful Father.

(The Rev. Dr. Louis Banks, in the 'Christian Age.')

I often recall an incident in my own boyhood. I was a very young boy, but I was in college and felt myself very large. I got in touch with some rather reckless young fellows, and they persuaded me to slip out of my home one night and go off with them some three miles to a neighboring frolic, of a sort that was utterly out of harmony with the kind of things pursued by my father and mother.

Just about eleven o'clock, when everything was going very gaily, my father appeared on the scene, greatly to my humiliation. The dear man had walked that three miles, after a hard day's work, because he feared his boy was in danger of harm. But that side did not appeal to me at the time. He called me out and took me home with him.

I felt greatly humiliated in the eyes of my companions, and was very indignant at first. As we walked home, my father gave me his view of the situation and his opinion of my conduct. His words stung me like hornets. But my father, who was one of the best men that ever lived, and who two years ago went home to heaven, never did a more angelic thing in his life.

He never was more perfectly the angel to me than that night when, at great cost to himself, he used the hornets of his control and rebuke to save me from the instinct of lawlessness and to sting me back to obedience and right living. I have loved him and crowned him in my heart for that deed for more than thirty years.

Beware!

I met him staggering down the street,
His head seemed ready to join his feet.

He was only some twenty-three years old:
He had taken a dram, for 'the day was cold.'

His speech was thick, and his eye was dim,
And the small boys gathered to laugh at him.

But I knew his face, and my heart was sore,
Though I scarce had seen him for years before.

His limbs were lithe, and his brain was cool,
When he used to come to our Sabbath School.

And, more than some of the older folks,
He brought his pence for the mission box.

He never had tasted the fiery cup
When he signed the pledge at the Band of Hope.

His father's pride and his mother's joy,
Oh! what has ruined their darling boy?

The serpent's lie on a comrade's lip—
'"Twill do you good, and it's just a sip.'

Dear youths and maidens, beware! beware!
God keep your feet from the fowler's snare,

And give you His grace your hearts within
To fight the battle with self and sin!

—'Daybreak.'

Her Sister's Letters.

(Helena H. Thomas.)

'There, I was just thinking of you!' exclaimed my shut-in friend.

'Of me! Something good, I hope.'

'Oh, nothing personal,' said the semi-invalid, pointing to an easy chair, 'but I have just re-read a letter that will give you the blues for a week, and when I finished I thought of you, and I resolved at the first opportunity to suggest to you a text for future use.'

'All right! What is it?'

'Doleful letters!'

'Well, was the laughing retort, 'I promise to follow out your suggestion, providing you will do by me as I once did by a pastor, who on being urged to speak on an unthought-of subject said:

'"Agreed! if the one who seems to be thinking about that line will enthuse me sufficiently to make my task an easy one."'

'This I endeavored to do, and when, later on, I congratulated my pastor on this especial effort, he modestly returned:

'"To the suggester belongs the credit."'

'Well, as to that I am more than willing to suggest, and endeavor to enthuse, too,' said my hostess, with unwonted emphasis, 'but you are certainly open to congratulations, if there is not as much as one doleful letter writer among your correspondents. I don't refer to those, mind you, who are cast down by some special sorrow, but those who never write a cheery letter under any circumstances.'

She paused and looked as if giving me time to review my list, which provoked me to say:

'You have the floor.'

'Yes, I know, but I am so full of my subject that I can hardly put my thoughts into words.'

Then, pointing to a bulky letter, she continued:

'That is from a dearly-beloved sister, but I ought not to have even opened it a day like this, for a gloomy day always depresses me, as do her letters. So, no wonder the two together made me want to run away from the woman of whom I cannot rid myself.'

'Why, is the sister you refer to the charming woman who visited you two or three seasons ago?' queried I, somewhat puzzled

'Yes, the very same. I had forgotten that you met her.'

'Yes, I only met her, but I formed a favorable opinion of her, for she appeared so sunny and bright, that I can scarcely conceive of her writing a doleful letter, unless some great sorrow has come to her.'

'Oh, her life has been more exempt from trials than any person I could name, yet letters from her are, I verily believe, a dread to every relative and friend she has, as they are to me.'

'How do you account for it?'

'Well, like most people, sister has days when life doesn't seem worth the living. Common sense should teach her at such times to turn the key in her desk. But, instead, she locks herself in, and neighbors out, and tells her husband to lunch down-town, and looking her worst, is in a condition to enjoy being miserable, if ever any one is.'

'I should think so!' laughed I. 'But your sister as I saw her hardly answers to that description.'

'Well, she does only on rare occasions, but those are sure to be her letter-writing days. So is it any wonder I have a dread of her doleful letters? To make my meaning more forceful I will quote from the one which came in this morning. She writes:

'"Now I am not really sick myself, but there is so much sickness about us I feel as if it is likely to be my turn next. I am worried about Robert, too! He is not looking well, it seems to me. I imagine he is anxious about his business, though he assures me that he has no cause to be. But, oh, dear! I feel as if something dreadful was going to happen!"'

Here I began laughing so heartily that the reader, throwing aside the letter, joined in, saying:

'Really it is no laughing matter, though! At least, it did not seem so before I had some one to share it.'

'But why do you allow her letters to depress you if you know that she never writes on any but blue days?' I queried.

'It is foolish, I know, especially when I have many times seen sister the gayest of the gay, after a day spent writing doleful letters.'

'That is her escape-valve, evidently,' suggested I.

'Yes, it seems so; but how so kind-hearted a woman as my sister can thus torture her friends has long been a puzzle to me. When I see her hand-writing I try to school myself, but the depression is sure to follow the reading, nevertheless.

'On the contrary, I have a friend whose letters always come as a benediction. She has much to vex and annoy her, I am well aware, but her letters are so sunny that one who did not know to the contrary would imagine her life to be all rose-colored. Consequently her pen visits are a veritable tonic to me. She never even refers to anything of an unpleasant nature, but pictures only the brightness that comes into her life. Her letters always give me fresh courage to go bravely forward. A stranger even would be benefited by reading them. Just listen.'

She then read a letter from this ideal correspondent, and when she had finished, I exclaimed:

'Such pen-thoughts are worthy to live! Would that your friend were the rule, not the exception.'

'I must tell you how discerning our mail-carrier is,' was the evasive response. 'He has been on this route so many years he says that those he serves have come to seem like friends. Anyhow, he shows a genuine interest in us. I had noticed several times, as he approached my door, that he turned the letters he had in his hand over and over, as if placing them to his liking. So, one day as I saw a letter from this friend, to whom I referred, uppermost, I said:

'"Did you put this letter first intentionally?'

'He hesitated, blushed like a school-girl, and then said:

'"Yes, I have learned what letters are the most welcome, and I always put those on top. I've noticed that this hand-writing always brings a smile to your face."'

'Why, how thoughtful of him!' said I, and then a bit jokingly added, 'How about your sister's letters?'

'Oh, they are the last on the pile, was the rueful answer.

'But it is your turn now. Can you not give a like experience? Or are you so fortunate as not to be the recipient of doleful letters?'

'No, indeed! I have had my full share,' responded I, 'but some good has resulted from them, for I long since determined to let my pen lie idle when my heart was too heavy to write any but doleful letters'

'Just so in my case,' was the rejoinder. 'My relatives often express wonder that I can write such sunny letters when so shut-in, but I tell them that one doleful letter-writer in the family is sufficient. But really I think that one too many, for golden silence is better than a depressing letter, such as sister persists in writing.'

'I think there would be fewer doleful letters,' I replied, 'if when people are on the point of unburdening real or imaginary ills they would do as did Paul, when in writing to Corinth he refrained from going to them in "heaviness" because, as he puts it, "if I make you sorry, who is he then that maketh me glad, but the same which is made sorry by me."'

'Yes, indeed!' was the emphatic rejoinder; 'Following Paul's example would put an end to doleful letters.'

The manager of a bank gives this advice to young men:—Save a little money every week. Deposit it where it will be safe and at your command. When the right opportunity arrives invest it in a business of which you will have personal control. Avoid debt and the allurements of speculation. Move ahead step by step, establishing a reputation for reliability and integrity.

Satisfied.

'I don't see how she is going to live at all,' said Ruth Anstey to her sister as she settled herself in a garden chair at her side.

'Who's she? and what's the matter?' inquired her sister, looking up from her book.

'Why, they say Gertrude Dean has become religious.'

'What!' said her sister, looking up in astonishment, 'Gertrude Dean! Nonsense!'

The thing that filled the sisters with such amazement was true notwithstanding.

Gertrude Dean, the young and beautiful wife of perhaps the richest man in the town, who up to this time had set the fashions, and occupied almost the front rank in the social life of the locality, had become religious. She and her husband had been from home for some months, and this was the news that surprised the town when they returned.

Ruth Anstey did not like it. Gertrude Dean

had been her most intimate friend, and even now did little without her, but if this were true there would be an end of that. She was more annoyed than she could tell, for it would take half the pleasure out of her own life. So that very afternoon she put on her hat, and went to see her friend.

'I am so glad you've come,' said Mrs. Dean, entering the hall to meet her. 'It is good of you to come so early.'

'I could not help myself,' said Ruth, with a smile, as she kissed her. 'The fact is, I heard such a queer report about you, I could do nothing else.'

'Well, come into the room, and tell me what it is. Nothing very bad, I hope,' she said, as they seated themselves.

'I don't understand it a bit. But, Gertrude, you're not going to be religious, are you?' Now Ruth Anstey's idea of being religious was becoming stiff and prim—'priggish,' she would have said—professing to like sermons and prayer meetings, and giving up everything that was jolly and full of life. And to fancy the beautiful woman before her could do all that, and her bright and merry friend be transformed, and become like Miss Franklin! Oh, horrors! Then, as she glanced at Mrs. Dean, her dress fitting her so perfectly, she smiled and said, 'It cannot be true!'

'And suppose it should be true, dear, will you give me up?' inquired her friend.

'I don't know!' was the answer. 'We shall be so different; perhaps you won't want me.'

'I shall want you more than ever,' she said.

'But how can you live without balls or parties, or any kind of fun? It will be dreadfully dull if you give up all kinds of pleasure. What will you do?'

'Shall I tell you?'

Her friend assented.

'I have something far better,' she replied.

'Better!'

'Yes! far better! I have something that fills my heart and makes me satisfied.'

'I do not understand,' said Ruth.

'Do you remember a talk we had together before I went away—how we both felt unsatisfied, and were longing for something better? I do not know how it was we talked so, but I had often felt it.'

'So had I!' said Ruth.

'Well, that was the beginning of it. I wondered how it was that I, who had so much, could be so dissatisfied. Was it not wrong? I ought to have been full of thankfulness, for I had everything; but I was not. And it grew upon me. At last I spoke to my husband about it. He was so good, he made me love him better than ever.

'"Look here, Gertrude," he said, "this is what you want." And he opened his Bible and read to me, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst." He shut the book; 'you always will be unsatisfied till you get the living water from Christ," he added.

'"What must I do?" I asked.

'He pointed me so gently to Christ. "He only can give it," he said. I clung to him. "Nay dear!" he continued, "you must get it where I did, from Christ himself." And he left me.

'And then I tried to look up and pray. It was a struggle. Could I give up worldly pleasures? Yes, I would, if only I could have the living water. And at last I was so weary, and cast myself on the floor by the side of my couch and cried, "Lord, help me!" And as I was thus yearning, somehow—I cannot tell how—our Lord seemed to come near. I realized His presence in my heart, His power soothing and comforting me. I could trust Him now! I could love Him! His presence seemed to change everything, and I felt I was forgiven, and welcomed. And now, dear, I had found the Saviour. I felt I could do anything for Him, and it has made me quite happy.'

'But, is that what you call being religious?' asked Ruth in amazement.

'Yes, it is,' said her friend. 'I hope I shall never be prim and stiff and disagreeable, like poor Miss Franklin, whom we used to laugh at. Christ has made me happier than ever.'

Ruth Anstey was silent.

'I am glad you came to me,' continued her friend, 'for I wanted to tell you about it. One thing more. Frank had only just begun to serve Christ, and was rather afraid I should laugh at him, and that we should be divided. But God heard his prayers. Now we are going hand in hand together.'

Ruth Anstey did not say much to her friend, but there was a new earnestness in her prayers, as she knelt down that night.—'Friendly Greetings.'

The Blacksmith's Hammer.

(Rev. Egerton R. Young, in the London 'Christian.')

'What do you mean by the word consecration?'

Thus was I abruptly addressed by a big, sturdy blacksmith, one day as I was hurrying along to the post office in a little town in Ontario.

Struck by the man's earnestness, as well as by the importance of the question, I at once stopped and entered into conversation with him. After a few more words, I said:

'Your question is such a broad one that I should like to know why you have asked it?'

Without any hesitancy, and in a most emphatic manner, he told me his story, which was as follows:

'When the Salvation Army girls came to the town, I, with scores of others, out of curiosity, and perhaps for a bit of fun, went to see and hear them. I had never been inside of a church for many years. The tavern and the saloon were the places I visited when not sleeping or at work; and often when I ought to have been at my anvil I was boozing with my drunken chums. As a natural result, my wife and children had a hard time of it, especially when the money that ought to have been spent for their comfort had gone for the drink, and I was, by it, made worse than a brute beast.

'However, the first day I went to the Salvation Army meeting there was not much whiskey inside of me, for the good reason that both my money and my credit were gone, and that day I had had no jobs of work that had brought me in any ready money. So there I was on the back seats, with some of my chums, waiting for the fun to begin.

'Soon in came the procession from the street, where it had been marching, and singing, and praying. I was always fond of music, and so the lively airs to which they sang their hymns very much interested me. I was struck at once with the courage of these girls in their queer costumes, who did not fear to tackle the biggest sinners in the crowd, no matter who they were, and tell them that they were sinners and needed salvation. For a time I enjoyed the fun of seeing some of these fellows squirm under the strong-pointed questions of these brave girls. So wedged in was I that I never dreamed that any would come and tackle me.

'For a time the meeting went on, and to my amazement a number of my old drunken comrades yielded to the pleadings of these girls and went forward to be prayed for. At first I thought they were only doing so in a spirit of mischief, but when I saw the big tears running down some of their dirty faces, and heard them beginning to cry to God for salvation, all the fun left me, and I began to be strangely alarmed, and cursed myself for having come to such a place.

'While looking for a way to get out of the jam in which I was crowded, a number in the seats before me rose up and went forward.

'"Now's my time to get out of this."'

'However, I seemed unable to make a start for the door, and there I was strangely held back. One of the girls seemed to be watching and reading me, and before I could get away she had hold of me, and with all her might, was urging me to surrender to Christ and get Salvation.

'At first I wanted to answer her rudely and with oaths, as I had generally done to others who had dared to talk to me about my sins and wicked life; but here I found it to be impossible.

'I was soon in a cold sweat. Then I began to tremble, and I felt as weak as a child. As she told me of my wicked life, she seemed to know all of my past history and of my present wretched condition. She told me there was hope yet, and that I and my wife and my children might yet be happy. I was was mad at her nearly all the time she was talking, for she seemed to know so much about me, that I imagined some busybody had been putting her up to it.

'Well, the fact is, I went forward with her, and God was merciful to the old drunken blacksmith and forgave me my sins, and I have ever since had a comfortable assurance that all is now right between us.

'If you want to know how great has been the change' (he said this with a quiet chuckle) 'just go and ask my wife and children.

'Well,' he continued, 'this has been now going on for some weeks. I go as often to the Army meetings as I can, and very much enjoy them, but do not always obtain the food or instruction I crave.'

On my asking him in what way he felt there was something lacking in the spiritual food supplied, he quickly answered.

'Why, there they talk about sanctification and full salvation, and consecration, and words that I know nothing about; which,' he added, 'is, I suppose, my own fault, as I have not been inside of a church since I was a lad. What do they mean anyway? Do tell me, for my head or heart is now hungry to know all of these things of which I have been so long ignorant.' Then, abruptly, he almost sternly asked again the question, with which he stopped me on the way: 'What is consecration?'

Looking into the strong face of this earnest inquirer, and realizing his strong craving for information that would be helpful, I could only, at first, breathe a prayer for help that I might say something to this honest man that would be really helpful.

'Mack, you have, I suppose, a splendid steel hammer with a hickory handle?'

'Yes, I have got it out of pawn again, and am once more using it, he answered.

'When you supply the power of your strong right arm, that hammer never fails you!'

'No, never,' he answered.

'When you bring it down upon the anvil or the iron that is to be bent or formed in

any way, it never chips, or breaks, or gives in any way?' I again asked.

'Never; it is always true,' he replied.

'Well, Mack, the consecration that God wants of you—and this will be the best meaning of the word for you just now—is this: He, your great loving Father, who has been so good to you in so many ways, and now, last of all, in your salvation, wants you to be in His hands, like that hammer is in yours. When He would use you, you are never to bend or break in His hands. You are to stand firm to the stroke every time.

'As your good hammer is often in use, so you will find that there is much for you to do in your Master's service. The drink is to be forsaken, the tavern to be for ever shunned, the oaths never more to be uttered; in short, there will be a lot of work required of you, and I am sure you have found this out already, that there will be some heavy knocks and blows given and received. Well, in all of them, you are to be like the steel hammer with the hickory handle, ever ready for service, and never once must you fail.

'I call that a perfect hammer of yours, a fully consecrated hammer, and if you, in your Master's hands, are always found obedient to His commands and responsive to His wishes, you will be a consecrated man, a consecrated Christian. This, Mack, is the best reply I can give you just now in answer to your question. And may God keep you strong and true.'

I often met him after this first interview. He was true to his conversion and after instruction. In these subsequent meetings, he often referred to the first memorable one, and would repeat with pleasure as if relating a valuable find:

'A consecrated Christian in God's hands is like the consecrated hammer in the hand of the blacksmith.'

Suffer Little Children.

(Mrs. J. W. Johnson, in the India 'Alliance.')

'Please let me go with you, Mamma,' had often been little Olive's earnest appeal as I started out to give the Gospel to the heathen women. But because of disease and filth that one usually meets with among the people, I had hesitated to take her. One day as we were going to a village some two miles distant from our station, Olive again pleaded to go with us; so I decided to take her, thinking I would leave her in the waggon, outside of the village, while I went into the village. But this was not our Lord's plan. As the cart stopped outside the village, immediately a company of women crowded about us, with their little ones clinging to them. So I commenced to talk to them until one asked me to sing. As I sang, I could hear little Olive's voice singing, distinct and clear. As we finished the hymn, Olive caught my skirt and whispered, 'Mamma, let me talk to them.' Her earnest little face was full of entreaty, so I said, 'All right, darling, speak to them.' Our singing had drawn together a larger crowd, and as Olive leaned forward and said, 'Women, listen,' immediately the crowd pressed closely about the cart and the deepest attention was given to the little five-year-old missionary and preacher, as she continued: 'God loves you, Oh! so much. Jesus loves you, and came into the world to die for you. Yes, to die for you, to save you from your sins. And He loves your little children, too. One time some mothers brought their little children to Him and some men said, "Go away, do not bother Jesus," but Jesus heard them and said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me and forbid them not." If you loved Jesus, you and your little children would not die of hunger. Jesus does not let us die of hunger, but your stone gods do. Oh, Jesus is so kind, do love Him, do, women,' and there the little preacher broke into a cry and burying her head in my lap sobbed and sobbed. All during this little talk not a sound had been made in the crowd. Every eye, even of the children, was riveted on the little preacher. One of the women said, 'Memsahib, did you tell her to talk this way to us?' I said, No, truly I did not. I did not think of her speaking to you more than to say, salaam, but,' I said, 'she loves Jesus, the true, living God, and He makes her happy, and she wants you to love Him, too. You are not happy and your little children are not happy nor taught good things nor of the true God, and all this makes my little girl feel so sorry.' One woman said, 'Little girl, do not cry. We are not worth your tears. We are ignorant, wicked people.' A young girl spoke up and said, 'Memsahib, you and your little girl come every day and tell us of the true God, then we will serve Him.' No one has told us; we do not know the right way.' So I had the blessed privilege and joy of telling them more of Jesus and the way of salvation. It would take a long article to record all the remarks passed on the little missionary, not on the difference of the clothes or the white skin, but in her knowledge of true things and of God. One woman truly said, 'It is because these people serve the true God. We serve stone idols, and listen to men; and look at us and our children.' As we journeyed home I asked Olive why she cried, and with tears chasing each other down her cheeks she said, 'Because I felt so sorry for them. They do not love Jesus, and will they not all go to hell when they die? Mamma, I shall surely be a missionary when I get big.' And I believe she will. It seems to us God has put His seal upon her. She spoke in Marathi as easily as she would in English. Not only does she love to speak to the heathen of Jesus, but daily lives for Him before her little sister and brothers, and her delight is indeed in His Word.

Who can tell the influence of the missionary's children and the missionary's home in the many dark homes of the town he lives in and the surrounding villages? When the children are taught to love the people, to pray for them and not merely to look upon them as their inferiors and servants, but as a people for whom Jesus died, they will be living examples of the Gospel the parents teach. Thus the missionary home becomes a beacon light and an object lesson, teaching the transforming power of Christ.

Man'el Hodge's Courtship.

A Professor and His Pupil.

(Mark Guy Pearse, in the 'Methodist Times.')

(Continued.)

IV.

The Pupil Becomes a Master of Arts.

Man'el had been married only some few weeks when one dark night he and Kitty chanced to be coming from her mother's house. The path lay through the fields and across two or three awkward stiles. It was at the last of these that Kitty fell, and was so hurt that she lay stunned and helpless on the ground.

Man'el took her up in his arms and carried her as best he could to the house, fearing that she was dead.

As soon as he reached home a messenger was at once sent off for the doctor whilst another hastened to fetch Mrs. Gundry, Man'el carried Kitty upstairs and laid her on the bed. Then, holding the candle over her, his own face as white as hers, he leaned to listen for her breathing, trembling from head to foot. She was alive. Man'el uttered a great gasp of thankfulness to God, and then could say no more. He sank helpless at her side.

The doctor was soon on the spot, but Man'el could give no account of the accident—seemed to hear nothing, to know nothing—sat only as one dazed and unconscious. It was to Mrs. Gundry that directions were given as to all that should be done.

The doctor had come back again to the bed and stood looking at Kitty carefully. 'Her only chance is in good nursing and in perfect quiet,' said he. 'It is the nurse that will save her more than the doctor. We must send for a nurse at once.'

He had turned to leave the room, and had reached the top of the stairs when Man'el followed and laid a hand on his shoulder.

'You must not send for a nurse, doctor.'

'But, my dear man,' said the doctor, tenderly, 'it is her only chance.'

'No, you mustn't,' urged Man'el, 'you musn't; I could not bear any hand for to touch her but my own.'

'Oh, that is all nonsense,' said the doctor, annoyed. 'I have arranged that with Mrs. Gundry.'

Man'el's eyes flashed and his teeth were set. 'A nurse sha'n't come nigh her.'

'Then your wife will die.'

'If anybody in the world can save her, doctor, I can,' pleaded Man'el.

In the place of the drawl there was a fierceness and determination that startled the doctor. The candle lit up his figure as he stood on the stairs; the stoop was gone, and Man'el stood upright, his head thrown back, his face at once all defiance and yet all entreaty, every feature aglow with the passion of his great love. Here was a man who would fight a thousand deaths.

'I don't want to go against you, doctor, but she's mine, and no one else shall touch her. I would give my life for her, if it has got to be,' said Man'el.

The doctor felt that the matter must be arranged quietly with Mrs. Gundry. He had settled it all with her, and then before leaving came again up the stairs and noiselessly entered the room. He found the candle carefully screened, whilst Man'el in his shirt-sleeves was settling the pillows for Kitty's head with the skilful gentleness of a mother. The doctor went down again. 'Mrs. Gundry,' said he, 'I think we can do without the nurse after all. You and Man'el will manage.'

'Man'el!' cried Mrs. Gundry. It was spoken with the scornful estimate of a man's awkwardness that a woman feels at such times.

'I think Man'el will do more for her than both of us put together,' said the doctor, as he went out of the door. 'I will come round early in the morning.'

All night long Man'el sat by Kitty's side. He may have dozed, but the least stir of lightest sound never failed instantly to awaken him. Mrs. Gundry came in half-a-dozen times during the night, only to find that there was nothing for her to do.

The next day there came a return of consciousness. Kitty's hand was put forth from the bed-clothes and a faint voice asked, 'Where am I?'

The room was darkened, and no sound had been permitted to disturb her. Kitty felt her hand resting very gently in Man'el's as he beat and kissed it, whilst his tears fell on it.'

(To be continued.)

The Chinese Boy and the Umbrella.

(Uncle Hu's Letter, in 'Daybreak.')

It is raining to-day heavily. I went over to the chapel, and I saw a very funny thing. A little boy had been sent by his mother for some flour, as guests had arrived. Now, as it was raining, flour would burst the paper if it were wet, so she gave the boy an umbrella, a great big oiled paper umbrella, far bigger than the boy. He thought it great fun, and shouted to other boys to come and share, and some did, and thought it great fun to splash the water as they went along. Then they took turns and twirled the umbrella in the running water like a wheel, and had a grand play, as the street was like a river, and some of them tripped and fell, but they did not mind that, for it was not often they had such fun.

SOME OF THEM SLIPPED AND FELL, BUT THEY DID NOT MIND THAT.

Then they made a boat of it, and it floated beautifully, and at last they got to the shop and purchased the flour for the little boy's mother's guests.

Now, the umbrella had been sent for the flour, to bring it safely home, but the boy forgot about that and raced all round, when a bright idea struck them to make the umbrella carry the flour back, as the water was running homewards. So they put the flour in, and it carried it beautifully, only the flour was getting wet all the time, but they sailed it along and felt very proud and pleased, and thought they would ask people to send them errands and lend umbrellas, good big ones.

Now, the flour was on one side, and the umbrella got heavy at th t side, so the boy said, 'If one of us sat in the centre and held the stick we could have a sail too, and balance it.' So they got hold of the umbrella and lifted him in first (they were to have turns), but as soon as they let go, the whole affair fell over, and the boy got a rare 'duck' in the dirty street wate — and worse—the flour was scattered all over him and lost in the water.

GIVING THE BAG OF FLOUR A SAIL.

When they got him out the umbrella had floated away, and when they picked it up it was all torn. They had no money to buy more flour, so they did not know what to do; but his mother's guests were hungry, and she had "no face," as no food was ready, and as the father had arrived she sent him to see what was keeping young Su Pai Chang; and when the father came all the others ran off and left him all alone to tell his story, and when he got home and the story was told, his mother was very angry and took a stick, but he ran off; but that stick is waiting for him tonight, and as his mother has "no face" she gave him no food, and all the boys are laughing at him because he is all floury and yet hungry.

Now, would not it have been better to have done his errand at once and played afterwards?

It is very funny for us to look at, but I am sure you would not like to be the little boy or do as he has done. Do your work first and play after, and then you will enjoy it.

The Great International Tunnel.

(By Emma C. Dowd, in 'Congregationalist.')

Ted and Marjorie were digging a tunnel. That is, Ted was digging, and Marjorie was carrying away the stones and earth. Patiently up and down the garden walk trotted the little maid, sometimes with a stone three times as big as her chubby fists; but then, hadn't Ted promised her the second ride in that tunnel when it was finished! The Great International Tunnel, Papa had named it, for it was to reach clear down to China!

Ted was building high hopes along with that tunnel. It would be such an easy way to get to China, and every Chinaman he felt sure would want to go. The charge was to be five cents each way. Dear, dear, how rich Ted would get to be in a short time!

He was thinking of all this as he worked. He wondered how soon he should come out at the other end. It was hard work, for, as Ted said, the soil was ''most all stones!' The tunnel was not quite two feet deep now, and he had been digging since yesterday.

Ted was thinking and thinking, when all of a sudden he dropped his little shovel, and scrambled out of the hole. Then he stretched himself on the grass beside it, and peered anxiously down. He picked up the shovel, and carefully pushed aside the loose earth at the bottom. The truth was, his foot had slipped on a round stone, and for an instant he had been afraid he was falling through to China!

He couldn't get over his fright in a hurry, and, besides, it made him worry a little about something else. When the tunnel was completed—that is, the hole made clear through the earth, if there should be nobody at the other end to catch the passengers as they went down, what would hinder their flying right off into the air! Ted had never thought of that before. If there should be an accident of that kind, people would be afraid to ride in his tunnel. Marjorie wasn't big enough to stay at the China end and catch the travellers, and he must be on this side to take the fares. Besides, when he took the first trip himself, as he had intended to do, the Chinese wouldn't know anything about his coming, and he should be in danger of falling off into space.

The thought made him shiver. So when Marjorie came back from one of her journeys to the foot of the garden, Ted said:

'I don't want to dig any more on the tunnel now!' Let's play horse!'

The next minute Majorie was leading Ted a chase around the yard that put China quite out of his head.

As the hole had been dug in a shady spot, the gardener thought it would be a good place for some wood plants. So he filled it up with leaf mold, and now ferns and violets are growing right where was to have been The Great International Tunnel.

The Lazy Worm.

A youthful worm lay sleeping fast
  Within his cozy bed,
And, as the hours grew late, at last
  His mother came and said;
'Get up, my dear, it's very late,
  And such a lovely day;
I hear a clock just striking eight,
  Get up at once, I say!'

In fear the lazy little worm
  Unto his mother said,
As he began to writhe and squirm,
  And wriggle out of bed;
'I dare not rise till it is late,
  Or else, upon my word,
I know that it would be my fate
  To meet that Early Bird!'

—Constance M. Lowe.

How the Little Princess

Learned the Meaning of Flattery.

An anecdote is related by the state governess of the little son and daughter of the Duc de Berri, grandchildren of King Charles X of France. The little boy was Duc de Bordeaux, and there was at one time a probability that he would reign over France; but though he was never crowned, a certain party in France always spoke of him as their rightful king, Henry V. When he and his sister were children, they lived in a state of luxury, and their governess was sometimes afraid that flattery might turn their heads. An accident did more to prevent this than any advice could have done.

One day some strangers visited the Royal nursery, and overwhelmed them with compliments. When they had retired, a half-open door allowed the children and their governess to hear more than was intended for their ears.

'Really, said one old lady, 'it was hardly worth while to come so far if that is all there is to see.'

'I should think not,' said a big boy; 'they hardly took the trouble to open their lips to thank us for all the fine things said to them. But I did laugh, papa, when you said, 'What a lovely complexion!' and 'What beautiful hair!' She is really as white as an egg, and cropped like a boy.'

'And did you notice how small they are for their age?' said the old lady again. And so the remarks continued. 'Did you see how cross the governess looked when we were praising them?' 'I could see they were teasing one another!' etc., etc., till the guests were too far off to be heard.

But the children had taken the lesson home to themselves.

'I understand now,' said the little princess, 'what flattery means. It means exactly the opposite of the truth. But it is a wicked thing, and I shall never forget it.'—'The Sunday at Home.'

Won't and Shan't.

Won't and Shan't were two little
  brothers,
  Angry and sullen and gruff:
Try and Will are dear little sisters,
  One can scarcely love them
  enough.

Shan't and Won't looked down at
  their noses,
  Their faces are dismal to see;
Try and Will are brighter than
  roses
  In June, and as blithe as a bee.

Won't and Shan't are backward and
  stupid,
  Little indeed did they know;
Try and Will learned something
  new daily,
  And seldom are heedless and
  slow.

Shan't and Won't came to terrible
  trouble,
  Their story is awful to tell;
Try and Will are in the school-
  room,
  Learning to read and to spell.

—'Selected.'

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Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

LESSON IX.—NOVEMBER 26, 1905.

Abstinence for the Sake of Others.

(WORLD'S TEMPERANCE SUNDAY.)

I. Cor. x., 23-33.

Golden Text

Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.—I. Cor. x., 12.

Home Readings.

Monday, November 30.—I. Cor. x., 23-33.
Tuesday, November 21.—I. Cor. viii., 1-12.
Wednesday, November 22.—I. Cor. ix., 19-27.
Thursday, November 23.—Rom. xiv., 1-16.
Friday, November 24.—Phil. ii., 1-13.
Saturday, November 25.—Gal. v., 1-14.
Sunday, November 26.—I. Cor. x., 12-22.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

Wisdom was the real idol of the progressive heathen of Paul's day. They still swung the censer in a perfunctory way before their images, but in their hearts they burned incense to wisdom alone. The fruits of the new idolatory, however, were not much more desirable than those of the old. Wisdom, sought as an end in itself, ministered to pride. It puffed up. It never built up. Of this the devil is an example. It has been quaintly said of him that he was the first person to be puffed up.

Over against this heathen knowledge Paul holds up the Christian knowledge in contrast. Its superiority is at once apparent. Its source is Divine. It comes by revelation of God. Its contents are unspeakably precious —God as Father, Jesus as Brother.

But even Christian knowledge, if alone, is dead. If held speculatively, it amounts to little. The truth is, knowledge is a wing. One can never rise upon it, or go in a right line with it alone. Another wing is indispensable. Love is that other pinion. With knowledge and love, the Christian can speed his way glorifying God in practical helpfulness to his fellows.

Paul cautions the Corinthians to keep the wing of love unfurled. The heterogeneous composition of the Christian societies made this necessary. Paul is liberal. He says: 'We know an idol is a nonentity. Meat can not be affected by being placed before an idol. Meat, whether so placed or not, can not be eaten without scruples. But be careful. Don't let the wing of knowledge drive you blindly round the small circle of a selfish personal interest. Spread your other wing—the white pinion of love. In your Church at Corinth there are many novices in Christianity. Theoretically they know that an idol is nothing, but practically they have not been able as yet to rid themselves of superstitious notions imbibed with their mother's milk. Do not urge such a one to violate his conscientious scruples while they remain. If, under your advice, he does what his conscience forbids, he sins.'

The conditions—then and now and always—demand a generous self-denial for the sake of others.

ANALYSIS AND KEY.

I. Wisdom idolized in Paul's day.
  Perfunctory maintenance of heathen ritual.
  Wisdom really worshipped.
  Result, pride.
  Devil an example.
II. Christian wisdom in contrast to heathen.
  Superiority—source and content.
  Must be accompanied by love.
  Love and wisdom wings of soul.
III. Paul, the conservative liberal.
  A course of conduct for transitional times prescribed.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

The apostolic Church was not ideal. It had its dissensions. In this instance the cause was trivial. Some one says, 'The body of Christ was torn about a piece of meat.'

The truth is the Church is always in process of evolution. It sloughs off the effete. It unfolds the new. It does so, not in supine ease, but by such birth-throes as are here predicted.

Scrupulosity and license are the Scylla and Charrybdis between which the Christian of the first century and of every century must needs steer. There are weak consciences, shocked at trifles, which in Christian fraternity must be considered. Then there is a practical antinomianism which claims to be free from the law or to be law unto itself.

The fundamental principles of procedure in matters of casuistry are here irradiated. That is what makes this incident invaluable to the Church in every age. It is of perpetual application.

It is here evident that men are, in the last analysis, to be won to the truth, not by legislation, prohibition, or inhibition; not by artificial or drastic methods; but by the perpetual, helpful, fraternal guidance of precept and example, until the life exemplified becomes in turn the life of the one to whom it is exemplified.

Knowledge, liberty, love are the three golden links in the chain which is to bind men to the altar of God.

The total discontinuance, at the beginning of the Wesleyan revival of certain current customs and amusements, was of the nature of a protest against the extreme to which they were carried at that time. Whether the protest is needed in that form and extent today will at least admit of question and debate.

Like the poor, the brother of weak conscience we shall probably have with us always. He is a blessing in disguise. But for him we would not be called upon to exercise the Christ-like gift of self-denial—the loving and cheerful surrender, for the sake of others, of rights we know perfectly well belong to us.

There is another side to this matter, however. The brother of weak conscience owes a duty to himself and the Church. The sooner he discharges it the better. The duty is to rid himself of his childish scruples, to get a conscience enlightened and strengthened.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, November 26.—Topic—God's wonderful works. Ps. xl., 1-11. (Thanksgiving service.)

GOD'S WONDERFUL WORKS—THANKSGIVING SERVICE.

The patriarchs recognized God as the immediate Author of their prosperity. Their environment helped them to do this. They touched nature closely. Their migratory life also made them more dependent. In addition, they had immediate revelation. By this means the reality of the Divine existence and the directness of the Divine influence was manifest. It would be passing strange if under conditions like these the patriarchs had not been alive to the immanence of God and thankful to Him for their gifts. Conditions are all reversed in our day. There is little contact with primeval nature. Ours is the independence of the settled community. No new revelation comes. The advance of scientific knowledge puts the finishing touch for many to the old spirit of dependence and gratitude. Yet, after all, were not the patriarchs right? What is law but God's way of doing things? What are second causes but the myriad hands of God doing His pleasure and working the welfare of His creatures? Need is of a revival of the patriarchal spirit —an habit of trust and thankfulness. The very inviolability of nature, the constancy of the season, the irreversible laws of life speak to us of the inviolability, constancy, and unchangeableness of God. Knowledge instead of decreasing thankfulness should augment it.

Junior C. E. Topic.

HANNAH'S SONG.

Monday, November 20.—Hannah's prayer. I. Sam. i., 9-18.

Tuesday, November 21.—The prayer answered. I. Sam. i., 19-23.

Wednesday, November 22.—A loan to the Lord. I. Sam. i., 24-28.

Thursday, November 23.—Hannah's joy. I. Sam. ii., 1.

Friday, November 24.—Mary's song of praise. Luke i., 46-55.

Saturday, November 25.—Zacharias's song of praise. Luke i., 67-79.

Sunday, November 26.—Topic— Hannah's song of praise. I. Sam. ii., 1-10. (Praise meeting.)

Be Punctual.

One of the several elements that go to make up a successful school is punctuality. If officers and teachers are habitually tardy, it will not be long till the whole school is. It may be a little sluggish at best, but punctual officers and teachers will in time largely remove this difficulty. You are needed at the schoolroom a few minutes ahead of the time set to begin. An officer is needed to arrange the school as the scholars come in. Teachers should be there to arrange their own classes. New scholars will come, and many other irregularities will be noticed every session. These must be provided for promptly if good results are to be expected. The stranger must be welcomed and assigned a place and made to feel that you are really glad he came, and would be really glad to have him come again or remain at the church service. All this you can not do unless you are there on time. 'The teacher should be with her class from before the start till after the finish' as a prominent Sunday School organizer chose to put it. Any true interest or kindness shown your scholar, whether in or out of the class, will never be lost. Any pleasant greeting will bring its generous return of good. Be at your place before the session begins and welcome each scholar as he drops in. Make it a pleasant hour, and make him feel that he really wanted to return.

With officers and teachers reasonably well prepared for their work, and at their post of duty promptly and regularly, you have the foundation of a very successful school. You have a work started that needs only to be properly followed up to assure abundant success. We are now ready to begin the work of the day.

The time is short—
If thou would'st work for God, it must be now;
If thou would'st win the garlands for thy brow,
  Redeem the time!

I sometimes feel the thread of life is slender,
And soon with me the labor will be wrought;
Then grows my heart to other hearts more tender—
  The time is short.

—'Zion's Herald.'

Pictorial Testament Premium

A very handsome Pictorial New Testament, just published, with chromographs and engravings from special drawings made in Bible lands by special artists, J. C. Clark and the late H. A. Harper. The book is nearly bound in leather, round corners, gilt edge, well printed on fine thin paper, making a handsome book. The colored plates contained in this edition are particularly fine.

Any subscriber to the 'Messenger' can secure this book by sending four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each, or six renewal subscriptions at forty cents each.

The New Catechism.

What is the chief lawbreaker of the land?

The bar-room.

Where are the schemes hatched which promote civic corruption?

In the bar-room.

Where does the midnight assassin go to prepare for his murderous work?

To the bar-room.

Where do the police go in search of the skulking thief or murderer?

To the bar-room.

What lays its hands upon political parties and dictates who shall be nominated and elected?

The bar-room.

What impoverishes the industrious workman, and fills him with the spirit of discontent?

The bar-room.

What takes the bread from the mouths of starving children?

The bar-room.

What clothes with rags women raised in refinement and affluence?

The bar-room.

What despoils young manhood, and sends it reeling and staggering down the street?

The bar-room.

What crowds our prisons to their utmost limit?

The bar-room.

What peoples almhouses and insane asylums with pitiable objects?

The bar-room.

What destroys the respectability and influence of men, and sends them reeling to the drunkard's grave and to a drunkard's hell?

The bar-room.

What destroys more homes, and causes more family trouble than anything else?

The bar-room.

What is the greatest enemy of the church, the nation, and the home?

The bar-room.

What is the greatest hindrance to every reform?

The bar-room.

Can both the church and the bar-room prosper in the same territory?

No.

Can a man, knowing the awful work of the bar-room, be a Christian and sign bar-room petitions, rent property for bar-room purposes, or vote for men committed to and in favor of the liquor traffic?

This question we leave for each reader to answer for himself. In the light of experience and constant failure along other lines, does not electoral action present the common-sense method of destroying the bar-room?—S. S. Hardin, in Kane Co. 'Leader.'

Miss Deborah's Dream.

(Maggie Fearn, in the 'Alliance News.')

CHAPTER I.

A NIGHT OF UNREST.

'I woke, and found that life was duty.'

(Continued)

'You are a difficult man to deal with, Mr. Armstrong, when you are riding your chief hobby. Right or wrong, you do not leave your antagonist much ground to stand upon. I don't say I am at all convinced of your side of the question; but I am practically used up, and I will let you enjoy the comfort of the proverbial "last word." But I shall doubtless return to the fight another day, none the less obstinate in my own belief.'

Mr. Armstrong held out his hand.

'Don't, Miss Deborah. If only you could estimate how much good material you are letting ravel you would be grieved to the soul, as I am. I admire your zeal and Christian work so largely that I want this great blemish removed from what is otherwise so worthy. Think it over upon your knees, pray over it, and answer your God, face to face, about this great question of personal responsibility.'

Miss Deborah experienced a strange sensation of unrest and perplexity as she let her hand lie for a moment in the minister's warm grasp. She thought as she turned away what a pity it was that Mr. Armstrong should allow himself to centre his soul's best energies on extremes of fanaticism, and questionable fads. While the minister as he walked slowly onward prayed that this alert, capable Christian, this active, influential member of his church, might have her spiritual sight unveiled to the soul-danger of those who walked life's pathways so near to her. How puzzling it is that two Christians, both sincerely in earnest in their desire to serve Christ well and worthily, should be separated as far as the opposite poles of thought upon such a question of vital import.

Then they both remembered it was Saturday evening, and the minister went home, and to his study, to finish preparing his sermon for the morrow; and Miss Deborah hastened to get ready to meet her class in the afternoon. The lesson was upon temperance, and that had evoked the argument between her and the minister. She sat down to study it with more disturbed feelings than any previous treatment of the subject had ever called forth. But Miss Deborah was not one to change her opinions until she saw good reasons for doing so. Therefore she strove to follow the study of the subject upon similar lines of thought to her previous methods; and retired to rest, hushing the clamour of spirit-voices which seemed to call to her in notes of warning, and vainly hoping that sleep would quiet the restless throbbing of her tired brain. But sleep would not for a time be wooed, and when at length Miss Deborah sank into a brief unconsciousness the thoughts of the day interwove themselves with the visions of the night. She dreamed, and this is what she dreamed.

She seemed to be sitting in her customary chair at her writing table, with her pen in her hand. Her thoughts seemed centred upon the young girls in her class, and under, and above, and through all there reigned one absorbing fact—the knowledge of which held her in its awe-inspiring grasp, and yet at the same time brooded over her with an infinite calm. She knew—though how the knowledge came to her she had no conception, only she knew—that her limit of earthly life had been revealed to her, and that she had but a few more brief days wherein to live. She was calm, as if she were sitting there writing her customary daily letters of average importance, as she had done for many a month and year; and yet a great unspeakable hush of more than mere earthly significance enwrapt her waiting soul. Around her reigned an absolute silence; and God was in the stillness. She felt no fear, and knew no dread. Only that one great fact stood out from all others in its overmastering impressiveness—the fact that on the next Sunday she would be far away from all the familiar surroundings of earth and earthly friendships.

Before her on the table were several letters, which she had just written, and the envelopes bore the names of some of the girls in her class. There was the name of Lottie Carlton, whose father kept the 'Golden Eagle'; and through the sheltering envelope Miss Deborah seemed to see the words she had written. She had told Lottie that it was the last letter she would ever write her, for she was to enter upon that great veiled mysterious new life, far from this earth, very, very, soon; and on the next Sunday, and every Sunday afterwards, someone else would sit with them in the classroom, and teach them the weekly Bible lesson. Then she urged the necessity of taking Jesus Christ into the inner heart and life, and lovingly pointed the girl to the Saviour of the world. Miss Deborah saw all this, and yet her soul was not at rest as she read. Other letters lay near, all seemed to contain the same message and warning, lovingly and prayerfully written; but it was not enough. Her soul cried out that it was not enough. A shadow rested upon the written words. Then in her dream, she seemed to see those letters opened and read by the girls whom she knew and loved, and upon the faces of some great passionate tears were scorching the cheeks, and the letters were pushed aside, while the hands that held them locked themselves in some dumb agony. She saw Lottie Carlton, with her beautiful face full of a dreaded evil determination; and she heard her well-remembered voice saying, 'Of what use is it to offer the Gospel with one hand and with the other put away the only thing that would stand as a shield between a tempted soul and condemnation? Miss Deborah means well enough; but if she doesn't help me to conquer the love of drink, which is fast getting the better of me, and if she puts her hand out to keep me from taking the pledge, there's no power on earth can save me. And there's no Christianity, and no Gospel, and no Christ for me. Oh, why can't she see it? She is a good woman, surely she is a good woman; why can't she see this?'

The words ended in a wail which almost broke Miss Deborah's heart; but Priscilla May's voice, speaking despairingly, caught her attention. 'She can't know what an awful thing the drink curse is,' Pris. was murmuring. 'I suppose folks that have never had it burned into their souls don't understand. If Miss Deborah lived year in and year out in such a home as I do, I guess she'd think differently of such things. If only she'd have asked me I'd have signed, and then there might have been a chance for me. But it seems as if the only and easiest way to get a little happiness, and lose one's misery for a bit, is to take to the drink. Mother's beginning to think so, too, I know; and if it comes to that, I shall, I'm sure. There's no use trying to do what Miss Deborah asks me to do—to meet her in heaven. I'm more likely to go somewhere that would shock her.' Then Ellen White's wild, sobbing protestations broke above the rest. 'Oh, God, if only I could love the good and hate the evil! If only I knew of something that would be a sort of anchor to hold by! If only I could get to Christ, I should be safe; but there is the drink, the poison, and curse, and power, and temptation of the drink ever keeping me away from what is right. My poor, wretched mother, dragging out the last of her days, without reason and without any hope, is but the living picture of what her child will one day be. For unless I give up the touch and taste of what has ruined her I also shall be lost. Miss Deborah might have helped me if she had chosen; but she would not. And how could I sign the pledge which she despises, and feel her looking coldly upon me for my weakness? I would not. God knows I could not; and yet if she had helped me I might have been saved.'

The voices died away; the vision grew indistinct. Miss Deborah woke. It was Sunday morning.

(To be continued.)

The Indian Chief and the Firewater.

A missionary who was working among the North American Indians, after holding a service, attended a council which was being held. He spoke very plainly of the evils which intoxicating liquor—fire-water—had brought to them. The head chief of the band sometimes indulged in fire-water, and being a cunning orator, he arose, and said:

'You said to-day that the Great Spirit made the world, and all things in the world. If He did, He made the fire-water. Surely He will not be angry with His red children for drinking a little of what He made!'

The missionary answered: 'My red brother is a wise chief; but wise men sometimes say foolish things. The Great Spirit did not make fire-water. If my brother can show me a brook of fire-water, I will drink of it with him. The Great Spirit made the corn and the wheat, and put into them that which makes a man strong. The devil showed the white man how to change the good food of God into what will make a man crazy.'

All the members of the council shouted 'Ho! ho! ho!' And the chief was silenced.—'Christian Age.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Correspondence

C., N. S.

Dear Editor,—I have four sisters and one brother. I am nine years old, and am in the sixth grade at school. We have taken your paper for quite a while, and like it very much. For pets we have a kitten and a dog. We have a colt, but we have not named it yet. Perhaps somebody will tell us some names for it.

I wonder if anybody's birthday is on the same day as mine. It is on the 11th of November. Perhaps I will write again.

EDWINA ELLIOTT.

C.P., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I often thought of writing before, but failed to do so. I enjoy very much reading the letters on the correspondence page, and as I came across one asking what two chapters in the Bible are alike, I found them to be II. Kings xix, and Isaiah xxxvii. How many times is the word Lord mentioned in the Bible?

J. I. MacEWEN.

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—It is an old proverb, 'That perseverance brings reward.' This is my third letter to the 'Messenger,' but the waste-paper basket seemed to have a peculiar charm for mine. But I hope this one is better than the others. I am fond of pets, but I have not got many, just a large collie dog and three cats. One cat is about eight years old. I was on our Sunday school excursion to Port Colborne this summer, and it was a very pleasant trip. At one place there were hills and rocks, while there was valleys in another.

Then, I was at Midland a year ago last summer. Midland is a very pretty town, having a smelter and one or more elevators. We are just a little distance over two miles from church and station. I have just one mile to go to school, but that is far enough in winter. When I write next time I will send my drawing.

From an interested reader,
I. X. Y.

K., B.C.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday School,' and like it very much. My Sunday school teacher's name is Mrs. F. I am twelve years old, and my birthday is on Feb. 8, the same as N. J. Gordon's. I was born at Hawkesbury, Ont., on a farm. I lived the first seven years of my life on a farm. I would like to live on one all the time. There are four churches here, the Presbyterian, Methodist, English and Catholic. I like reading very much. My favorite books are: 'The Lamplighter,' 'The Wide, Wide World,' and 'Dot and her Treasures.' I am in the fifth reader at school. My teacher's name is Mr. C. My favorite subject is drawing.

I have no sister or brother. I had a sister, but she has been dead eight years. Her name was Gladys, and her birthday was on Aug. 1. I have one grandmother, but no grandfather. I would like to be an elocutionist when I grow up. My father is a miner, but he is very seldom home.

M. ROBERTSON.

O., Ont.

Dear Editor,—Mamma is writing this for me, for I am a little boy just seven years old. Please find enclosed a Post Office Order for one dollar ($1.00) for the Labrador Cot Fund. I saved part of it from my pennies, and mamma made up the rest. I like the 'Northern Messenger.'

Your little friend,
HUGH G. ROSE.

'Raman bag,'
Shunwar,
Poona.
25th August, 1905.

Dear Editor,—I am sure that all the readers of the 'Messenger' like the correspondence page very much. You have been very kind in printing our pictures now-a-days.

Can we have a small corner for puzzles? I think you are saying 'yes.'

I am sending three now.

I. Why is the king like a book?
II. When is coffee like the earth?
III. What is full of holes, yet holds water?

VISHNU G. GOVANDE.

(Vishnu sends the answers, which we are keeping till some of you guess these puzzles. All riddles sent in should have the answer written out clearly below.—Cor. Ed.)

A., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl 10 years old. We live on a farm. I go to school only in summer and fall, as it is very cold here in winter. I have two grandmas, but no grandpa. One of my grandma's is 91 years old. We have a nice kind minister. I don't like reading. I would rather sew and make dolls' clothes.

GRETA C.

M., Que.

Dear Editor,—I have often thought of writing to the 'Messenger,' but this time will endeavor to make it successful. I get the paper every week at Sunday school, and nearly always read it through. I am a member of C. Congregational Sunday school. I have started back to school, of which I am glad.

My father died in October, 1904, and my mother was left with eight children, five girls and three boys. We find it very lonely without our dear father. I guess I will close, with best wishes to the 'Messenger' and all its readers.

R. BROWNRIGG (age 13).

A., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am very fond of books, and I have read a great number of them. I spin in the woollen mills, and am fourteen years old.

BARCLAY WILSON.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Robin singing its sweetest song.' Charlie Lilley (10), P., Ont.
2. A wild pea that grows on the prairies.' Mary Shane (13), R., Assa.
3. 'Touring car.' A. Kerr, St. J., N.B.
4. 'Strawberry plant.' Angus Edna Brownlow (14).
5. 'Acorn.' Jessie McLean.

Any Christmas pictures should be sent in at once.—Cor. Ed.

An Equal Mind.

Some time ago, a minister who had been a guest of Phillips Brooks, the great American preacher, at the time that he was made bishop, told an incident which strikingly reveals the spirit of the good man. After a long talk with his friend, the guest had finally gone to his room, but had scarcely reached it before he heard his host's quick knock at the door. The next moment the door opened and the bishop looked in.

'R.,' he said, earnestly, 'if you see any difference in me, you'll tell me, won't you?' Then the door closed again and he was gone.

It was the vigilance of a great soul who knew the peril of success and prosperity; it should be no less the thought of each one of us, at every turn in our lives. To remain unspoiled in success and unenvious in adversity, sympathetic in joy and unembittered in sorrow, to keep, in short, as the fine old phrase has it, an equal mind whatever life brings—this should be the prayer of every child of God.—'Christian Age.'

A Self-denying Act.

The teacher of an African school, wishing her girls to learn to give, paid them for any work they would do, that each might have something for benevolence. Among the pupils was a new scholar 'Such a wild, ignorant little heathen,' she says. 'I did not try to explain to her what the others were doing. The day came for the gifts to be handed in. Each girl brought her piece of money and laid it down. I thought all the gifts were given, but there stood the new scholar, hugging tightly in her arms a pitcher—the only thing she had in the world. She went to the table, put it among the other gifts, kissed it, and turned away.' Like one of old whom the Saviour commended this poor heathen girl had given 'more than they all.'

Keep On.

One step won't take you very far,
You've got to keep on walking;
One word won't tell folks who you are,
You've got to keep on talking.
One inch won't make you very tall,
You've got to keep on growing;
One little seed won't do at all,
You've got to keep on sowing.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

LABRADOR COT FUND.

A Friend, St. John, N.B., $2.00; 'The Lord's Tenth,' Radnor, $2.00; E.C.S., $1.00; A. S. Motherwell, 50c.; N. M. Anderson, B., Ont., 50c.; Mars, Feversham, 50c.; Margaret McCully, St. Mary's Ont., 50c.; Walter Auld., Freetown, P. E. I., 15c.; R. Brewer Auld, Freetown, P. E. I., 10c.; Willie M. Herald, Cicibe, Ont., 10c.; total, $7.35.

HOUSEHOLD.

Ordinary.

An ordinary woman,
An ordinary wife,
An ordinary mother,
An ordinary life;
Ordinary methods for things both great and small,
Why should such a woman be ever missed at all?
An ordinary husband,
An ordinary home,
Ordinary children,
Yet she never cared to roam
From all the pretty duties of the plain and common day,
In living out a common life in the ordinary way.

Ordinary longings,
Ordinary fears,
Ordinary heartbreaks,
Ordinary tears;
Ordinary wrinkles and the thin hair touched with snow,
Showed the ordinary troubles of the form now bended low.

An ordinary illness,
Death's ordinary call;
The ordinary mourners,
And the ordinary pall.
The ordinary grieving o'er the mother's vacant place,
And the ordinary longing for her ordinary face.

An ordinary story,
On this ordinary earth,
But the ordinary spirit
Heard in its celestial birth,
As the heavenly portals opened, the welcome of the Son:
'Dear ordinary mortal, thy work has been well done!'

—Waif.

Table Manners.

Three neighbors at a summer hotel afforded interesting contrasts of table manners. The first was a young man from a remote country town on his wedding tour. He frankly ate with his knife, shovel fashion, and reached with his fork far down and across the table to spear the slice of bread he wanted to wipe up the gravy on his plate. The second was a hard-working city girl taking her brief vacation from the noisy office and the typewriting machine. She, too, occasionally lapsed into the ancestral use of the knife, though otherwise her manners were ladylike and good. The third was an elderly spinster from one of our large cities, who lived upon a pinnacle of social, intellectual, and hygienic superiority, which she was careful to magnify to all about her. Her first act on coming to the table, was to hold her glass to the light to see whether it was clean, then to subject her knife and fork to the same minute examination, and perhaps wipe them carefully on her napkin, while at intervals she instructed the raw waiter on the proper methods of the work. It is needless to say that the third was by far the most offensive of the three. Spearing bread from the common plate with one's fork and using the knife shovel fashion are not to be commended, but to throw suspicion upon the cleanliness of every utensil which your neighbors at the table use is far less neighborly and excusable. —'Congregationalist.'

At Another's Expense.

Every one likes to be thought obliging. If the reputation were to be had for the wishing, it would soon become universal. But kindnesses are more or less costly. It is not always possible to oblige others without inconveniencing ourselves, and therefore many people are chary of their favors except when they can do them at another's expense.

'Come over to dinner Sunday, won't you?' says Mary to the friend in the corner boarding-house. 'I know you must be hungry for home cooking.' Of course the friend is glad to accept. The prospect of escaping the monotony of boarding-house fare for one meal, and sitting down to a home table again, seems positively alluring. But nevertheless Mary has no especial claim on her gratitude. That young woman dresses at her leisure, kisses her mother good-bye, adding a few cautions regarding the table and the dessert, and then goes off to church. The mother stays at home to oversee the incompetent maid, and be sure that everything is as it should be, for like many people who are averse to assuming responsibility, Mary's critical faculty is highly developed. Mary listens to the sermon in that satisfactory frame of mind which comes from a consciousness of having done a kindness, and enjoys her friend's outspoken gratitude without dreaming how little she deserves it.

John comes in from the office some evening and takes an unstamped letter from his pocket. 'I promised to put a special delivery on this,' he remarks to his younger brother. 'You hurry through your supper and take it over to the office, will you?' The younger brother displays no animation at the prospect, and John sets this down to the innate disobligingness of lads of his age. He has assured the writer that it would not be the least trouble in the world for him to post her letter, nor is it likely to be, as he has arranged it. But it does not occur to John that the younger brother is quite as anxious to follow the exciting adventures of the 'Boy Hunters' as he is to look over the market reports, nor does it impress him as unfair to buy a reputation for being obliging at another's expense.

Every one is acquainted with those ultra obliging people who never refuse any request, and who in consequence are continually getting into desperate tangles from which they are extricated only by the concerted actions of their friends. Such a young woman awoke the other morning to the realization that she had agreed to attend two committee meetings at three, and to investigate the case of a poor family said to be suffering for the necessities of life. She had also promised to make sandwiches for the missionary luncheon at twelve o'clock, and was to prepare a paper for the Current Events Club next day, beside a number of smaller commissions. Her demeanor at breakfast resulted in an inquiry and then a family council. Mother undertook the sandwiches. One sister started out to investigate the charity case, while another posted off to arrange for the postponement of one of the committee meetings. The little brother was entrusted with so many small errands that he was late to school. Yet as this young woman complacently settled herself to write her paper, it never occurred to her that she was something of an imposter in accepting the tribute she so often heard, 'What a sweet girl Miss —— is. Always so ready to oblige.'

Kindness costs. The doing of a favor means sacrifice somewhere, but unfortunately the thanks do not always go to the one who has done the giving up. Some of us are enjoying a reputation for generosity which others have earned for us. It is pleasant to be thought obliging. The knowledge that others look to us and rely on us for help is a satisfying consciousness. But we should be sure that we do not accept gratitude to which we have no right. We must not buy our reputation at the expense of other people.—The 'Advance.'

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each.

The People's Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine Doctor. This book gives a description of the diseases of the Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine, with exact doses of medicine. Usually sold at $1.00, will be given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger, at 40 cents each.

BAGSTER'S MINION BIBLE, suitable for Church, Sabbath School or Day School. Each boy and girl reader of the 'Messenger' should possess one. Given for three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each.

BAGSTER'S LONG PRIMER BIBLE — A handsome Bible, gilt edges, with the addition of 307 pages, containing the following Valuable Bible Helps, Concordance, Alphabetical Index, Maps, and Illustrations, with other aids to Bible study. Given to 'Messenger' subscribers for thirteen new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each or ten new subscriptions at 40 cents each.

PICTORIAL TESTAMENT—A handsome pictorial New Testament just published, neatly bound in leather, gilt edge. Given for four new subscriptions to 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, or six renewals at forty cents each.

Motherhood by Rule.

Young mothers tell me to-day that babies are little animals, and should be treated as such. Nerves, emotions, desires, moral impressions should be ignored or sternly repressed. The old way, we are told—the unscientific way—of coddling, rocking, singing lullabies, wearied the mother, created bad habits in the child, stimulated the brain over-much. Instead, rigid hours for baths, eating, sleeping are substituted, and no excitement is permitted to invade the infant life.

This may bring about a stronger and a healthier race of children—the next generation will show—but may not the effect upon the mother be to make her callous and selfish? Is baby only 'a little animal?' Yet, even the mother animal beckons and invites, coos and murmurs to its young. Watch a cow with a calf, a cat with kittens. How the brooding instinct asserts itself! The care of the human baby has come to be much like the taking of temperature by a trained nurse, at stated times. A child's cry now-a-days brings no pain to a mother's heart, because his physical wants being attended to, from her point of view he has nothing to cry about. Therefore she leaves him alone, to stifle his little griefs in sobs and sleep, or to learn early the better way of self-control and lonely content.

Here are a few instances that have come under my knowledge. A lady was taking dinner with friends who have a beautiful baby, brought up by rule. At five o'clock he was undressed, his legs and arms were bound bambino fashion, he was fed from a bottle, laid in his crib, tucked up with soft blankets; then a hot water bottle was placed at his feet, and the window was opened from top and bottom. It was winter and the room was perfectly cold. The light was extinguished, the door was shut, the mother descended to her dinner and her guest. She explained that the reason for confiing little Arthur's limbs, was that he might be prevented from picking and throwing off the blankets, and so get cold. He had slept in a fireless room since he was born and had never had a cold. But he was a great thrasher. 'We have some things to learn from the ancients,' said the mother, sweetly.

During dinner the child cried incessantly. 'The modern theory is that crying strengthens the lungs. I always let him cry, knowing that it is good for him,' the mother said, in answer to the look of entreaty on her guest's face.

After a time the guest could endure it no longer. 'With your permission,' she said, 'I will go upstairs and take a look at your baby. That cry seems to me one of distress.'

The mother consented, and together they went into Arthur's room. The stopper had come out of the hot water bottle, and the child was lying helplessly, soaking, his crib deluged with water.

Aunt Fanny came from a western town to visit her nephew and his wife in New York. Mrs. Thompson had written enthusiastically about her first-born, whom she had named for Aunt Fanny. Her aunt longed to see and love the little one, and looked forward to the delight of tending her as the chief pleasure of the visit. But when she arrived she was told that she must not touch or hold the baby.

'Infants must not be handled any more than cats, if you wish for their physical development,' Mrs. Thompson said, with full conviction—the attitude of the young mother towards her elder is exasperatingly superior; she is so certain of being right, so perfectly sure that her way is the best.

Aunt Fanny felt with meek contrition that her experience in raising eight children counted for nothing. She had been a mother too early in a bygone century. So she watched while little Fanny was placed in her crib just when the clock struck certain hours, and left to take her nap alone. To be sure, Fanny never murmured, either then, or when, at another striking of the clock, she was set up straight, rudely awakened from a sound sleep, and given her bottle. When wide awake, she was dumped on the lounge in pillows, the only attention paid to her being to prevent her going to sleep before the correct time. The well-trained colored nurse performed all these services for baby. The mother was free to take Aunt Fanny out sight-seeing, for whole days.

'I never let baby interfere with anything I

wish to do,' explained Mrs. Thompson. 'Now I suppose you were a slave to your children. I know my mother was to hers, and ran to answer their every whim. I never give Fanny anything she cries for, and she learns that it does no good to cry. You know the doctors tell us that babies are only to be considered as little animals, the first year of their lives. Now, honestly, did ever you see a healthier baby than mine?'

'The child may be as well off, but O! the loss to the mother,' groaned Aunt Fanny.

One morning, before her visit was half out, the aunt announced her intention of going home that afternoon. When pressed for her reason, she burst out: 'I cannot bear the way you treat that precious baby. I have been counting on the good times I would have holding and petting my sweet namesake; and here I have not been allowed to touch her, not even to kiss her in her soft neck. Nobody loves that baby' (interruption of 'O, Aunt Fanny!' from the niece), 'nobody snuggles her; and I tell you a baby needs snuggling. What is a woman's breast soft and warm for, if not to gather baby into? Food, sleep, fresh air, these she gets, and better than mine used to, I admit. But love? Why she loves her black nurse better than either of you. I have seen a wistful look in Fanny's face. She is lonely—and so am I,' she added with almost a sob.

A look passed between husband and wife, which meant, 'Can't we humor her?' and the niece said: 'Aunt Fanny, stay, and I will let you hold Fanny two half-hours every day, if you will promise not to rock her. Rocking is worst of all for a baby. You know how dizzy you get in a swing. Well, the nerves of the brain are affected by rocking, and they affect the stomach, and'—the long and short of it was that Aunt Fanny stayed her visit out, and held the baby two half-hours a day.

The modern mother must take care lest in following out 'scientific methods' in the care of her baby she drift into the heartless desertion practiced by most French mothers of the upper classes. They give the infant into the nurture and care of a wet nurse and foster mother, often away from their own homes, the better to preserve their own youth and fair complexion, for it is well understood that care-taking days and broken nights tend to rob them of both.—'The Congregationalist.'

How a Tuberculosis Patient Lives Out of Doors.

No matter how cold it is, no matter how stormy, feel perfectly safe in staying out; but be sure of two things. First, that you do not get chilled. Put on extra comforts until you are warm enough, and a hot-water bag for the feet is good, although I have never needed one. Secondly, that it does not rain or snow on you. Moisture is not harmful unless one suffers from rheumatism. For that this same cure is used, with the exception of staying out when it is damp. With fifteen inches of snow and the thermometer at eleven degrees I laid out on my porch eight hours a day, and it was glorious.

A Kenwood rug is laced across the bottom, so that one can slip into it as though it were a bag, and no cold air can penetrate. It hooks down the front with openings for the arms, so that a book can be held with ease. Thus one is literally as 'snug as a bug in a rug.' Before I get in I put on a heavy coat and mittens and wrap a woollen scarf around my head, and in extreme weather I tuck a steamer rug around me, over my Kenwood. If one dosen't have these rugs, comforts will do, but he should be sure to use enough. At first I felt helpless, as I did not know how to wrap up quite enough to keep comfortable.

Sometimes the glare of the sun hurts the eyes. Tie the handle of an umbrella to the arm of your chair, and by using little devices for keeping it in place you will soon learn to tilt it at the right angle.

At ten o'clock take a walk, beginning with five minutes a day and increasing to an hour. Do this very gradually, for the one point with lung trouble is never to become fatigued. Go back to your chair until luncheon. After that the chair again. It sounds monotonous, but one soon becomes used to it and can be even happy; in fact, cheerfulness is essential, for nothing can cure you if you constantly meditate on yourself and your sacrifices.—From 'How to Live Out of Doors,' by Evelyn Hart, in the 'American Monthly Review of Reviews.'

Our Neighbors.

Somebody near you is struggling alone
Over life's desert sand;
Faith, hope and courage together are gone!
Reach him a helping hand;
Turn on his darkness a beam of your light,
Kindle to guide him a beacon-fire bright;
Cheer his discouragement, soothe his affright,
Lovingly help him to stand.

Somebody near you is hungry and cold;
Send him some aid to-day;
Somebody near you is feeble and old;
Left without human stay.
Speak to him tenderly, sing him a song;
Haste to do something to help him along
Over his weary way.

Dear one, be busy, for time flieth fast,
Soon it will all be gone;
Soon will our season of service be past,
Soon will our day be done.
Somebody near you needs now a kind word;
Some one needs help such as you can afford;
Haste to assist in the name of the Lord,
There may be a soul to be won!

—Selected.

Rest at Home.

The home rest cure is being advocated by an English magazine writer in preference to the sanatarium rest cure. Instead of dragging one's self around until one drops and then is packed off to the cure for months, she urges one to take two days of rest every fortnight or so by staying in bed, dozing and reading light literature. She recommends seeing no one of the household except the one necessary servant. In fact, the writer pleads an almost absolute separation from the outside world for a few days. This plan might be carried out in a big country house, but it would be next to impossible in an apartment or the average city house. Still, the suggestion is worth consideration, on the general principle that 'an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure.'—'Union Signal.'

Stain for Floor.

A good stain for a floor may be made from one gallon of linseed oil, two pounds of powdered sienna, one pound Spanish brown, one ounce litharge. Mix in an old pan, heat carefully to the boiling point, remove from the fire, and beat in one pint of turpentine. Apply with a broad brush, selecting a dry, clear day, when you can have doors and windows open. The next day polish with a waxed cloth wrapped around a brick, which may be caught in a clamp with a long handle, such as is used for scrubbing brushes.—'North-western Christian Advocate.'

Appreciative Words.

Flattery is insincere praise—the base though shining coin by which some people bribe their way into acceptance. There are those who despise it so much that they never utter an approving word, even when it is richly merited. That is much as if one should refuse to pay in genuine money because he sees others dealing out that which is counterfeit. One who refuses to discharge just debts is just as culpable as one who freely deals out spurious money.

For people are entitled to appreciative words when they have done especially well. When a workman has done the job that he has been hired to do, the pay is not the only thing to which he has a claim, if by special pains he has outdone the average workman. He has a right to receive a token of satisfaction in warm words of praise. He will prize them more than the money that is his due. Receiving them, he will try to do equally well or better upon his next job. Failing to get them, the temptation will be to let down his standard of excellence on the ground that good work is appreciated no more than that which is slipshod.

Any one works the better for an appreciative word. He is encouraged by it to excel all his previous efforts. Employers do not get half as much out of their workmen as they might, if they only commended them for conscientious and successful effort. Faultfinding comes very readily to the lips of many when service falls below what should be rendered. And that is right enough, provided that approbation is expressed when the standard is fully kept or surpassed. Parents who are forever scolding their children take from them the desire to excel, while those who now and then judiciously speak a word of praise inspire them to do their best.

We are all alike in desiring to have our exceptional efforts appreciated. We are willing to work hard if we can secure the approbation which the endeavor should bring. That is why so many will practice singing or piano playing for hours. They are looking forward to the reward of their labors in the enthusiastic applause they will receive. If we like appreciative words ourselves we should not fail to give them to others when they are deserved. Do not defraud those who have laid you under obligation by any admirable service of the meed of approbation which is their due.—'Well-spring.'

Making Close Observers.

A novel method of cultivating the faculty of observation in children has been introduced by a teacher in an up-town kindergarten. She tells her pupils that she is about to have a call from some one who will remain only three minutes, that no one must directly stare at him, but that the pupil who gives the best description of him after his departure will receive a prize. The other day her father, a Grand Army veteran in uniform, performed the part of caller, and some of the personal descriptions after he had bowed himself out denoted unusually quick and accurate attention to detail. One boy had counted all his buttons, and gave the number correctly; another noticed an almost invisible scar on his face, and various others gave details of the color and shape of his beard, hair and uniform. The one who received the prize was a little girl, who declared he had 'an expression on his face.'—The Portland, Me., 'Argus.'

If you want to shut off the view from any window you can do it very cheaply by dissolving in a little hot water as much Epsom salts as the water will absorb. Paint over the window while hot, and when dry you will have a very good imitation of ground glass.

How to Keep Young.

To keep young in mind is a great blessing and we could do this by surrounding ourselves with interests, and especially the interests and pleasures of the young. We must have, indeed, the young of both sexes about us, those fresh, innocent lives who never look upon us old as long as we love and care for them, but take us always on trust.

With boys, you may keep the everlasting secret of youth by entering into their lessons first, then their play or sports; and, lastly, the absorbing interest of their business or profession.

With girls, as someone has beautifully written, 'You must be their companion. The love between a mother and daughter is a very fair and gracious tie, but to gain it you must find the golden mean between priggishness and want of dignity, for you must enjoy life without being frivolous; you must guide unconsciously, so that the check is unnoticed; you must learn the art of making new friendships, to appreciate new impressions, to move with the times; and, above all, you must never appear dowdy!'

It is a great mistake; but, alas! too common a one, to neglect dress; it is absolutely imperative that the middle-aged woman be garbed becomingly and well. Dress to a woman is like the setting to a jewel. It is a duty we owe ourselves and to the world in general. We are always influenced by our surroundings and a well-dressed woman has the same effect on our senses as a charming picture or a melodious strain of music. Believe me, there is a dignity, as well as a grace, in dress which does much to influence those about us. It is the duty of every woman, at all times of her life, to look as beautiful as possible.—Alice A. Argente, in the 'Union Gospel News.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Nov. it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

The Pathway of Pain.

I have trodden the pathway of pain, where I
hoped I might never go;
I have felt the pitiless winds that over its
barrens blow;
I have drunk of the bitter brooks that along
its borders flow.

I had seen the crowds press down that narrow
and stony path—
Some led by the Angel of Sorrow and some by
the Angel of Wrath—
But each with the faltering footsteps that
ever wretched hath.

Their eyes were wild and tearful; their
cheeks were sodden and gray;
And as they stumbled onward, they moaned
the livelong day;
And I said: O God, preserve me from walk-
ing that doleful way!'

When the Angel of Sorrow calmly bade me
to follow him,
I shuddered and cried, 'I cannot!'—and my
very sight grew dim;
But I had to rise and follow, though I shook
in every limb.

At last my eyes are opened. I see a golden
light,
Which shows me far off, starry worlds, before
as black as night;
That dark and dismal pathway hath sudden-
ly grown bright.

And I own a million brothers—a million sis-
ters dear,
And I love them all with a pity which brings
the farthest near—
A love which thrills my being—as heaven had
entered here.

For I see that when you have trodden the
thorny path of pain,
This selfish world is never the same chill place
again;
Henceforth you love the sorrowing with ardent
might and main.

And songs of consolation breathe sweet from
pole to pole;
And the cheat of the outer varnish like a shell
off all doth roll;
And you stand with your fellow mourners,
quivering soul to soul.

Then fear not, anxious mortal! When you
tread the path of pain
God links you with your comrades there, in
a new, resplendent chain;
And for every pang you suffer, he pays you
back again.

—Kate Upson Clark, in 'Harper's Bazar.'

Bags.

(Lily Rice Foxcroft, in the 'Congregationalist.')

Not silver-mounted chatelaine bags. Not even blue denim shoe-bags, feather-stitched in white. Just plain six-penny calico bags, with two seams, a hem and a draw-string, such as she can make a half dozen of in an hour, at her machine. In the spring the housewife's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of such.

They are so convenient for putting away the winter woollens. Even with the camphor-chest—that far ideal which few realize—it is not wise to put all the garments in together, unwrapped, every one at the mercy of the moth eggs which the latest out may be harboring in some fold or seam, despite brushings and shakings. Each needs a separate wrapping, and the soft, pliable bag, with its string all ready to draw up and tie, is so much easier and pleasanter to manage than paper with its perverse habit of breaking out at corners and splitting when twine is pulled tight across it. Then, too, the bag, if made long enough, allows everything of the coat sort to be hung up, not folded, on its usual wooden or steel 'hanger,' the invaluable draw-string wound tight about the top and the hook left projecting.

Blankets, too, or afghans, or rugs that are not needed in summer, are easily bundled into bags and piled away on shelves, or even on attic floors, when the capacity of the camphor-chest is exhausted. The muff, box and all goes into a bag, with a few moth balls to keep it company, and is far more likely to be taken out again when a belated cold day calls for it than if it were pasted in under its cover. Indeed, the beauty of the Bag System—no one who follows it will ever begrudge it capitals—is that it is so easy to get at any 'suspect' at any time, and make sure everything is all right.

Labels, of course, are an essential feature. One is rather proud of neat white strips marked with indelible ink—'John's Winter Overcoat,' 'Bits of Old Carpet,' and so on—each sewed to its own bag. But, on the whole, heavy pieces of brown paper, inscribed in pencil and pinned on with safety-pins, are more serviceable. There is an advantage, though, about having the bags not all of the same calico, so that those oftenest needed will come to have an individuality, and Donald and Dorothy find their coats, when they go for them in the fall, by the colors rather than the labels.

For the summer trips, bags of cheap, thin material are often more desirable than the heavier, handsomer ones. A laundry bag large enough to serve a whole family for a week packs into a very small corner, and one may even indulge in a bag apiece, with an extra for collars and cuffs, and be rid of unpleasant accumulations about closets and drawers. Two or three of prettier pattern than the rest can be filled with hay from the generous barn, and lo, the summer boarder has her hammock-pillow or her piazza-cushion ready to use the first morning, with ten minutes spent in oversewing the fourth side. One or two extra bags for the children to drag about and fill with all the jetsam and flotsam so dear to their hearts save pockets and are easier packed than baskets.

But the Bag reaches its acme of usefulness, its climax of appreciation, when it serves to classify the family 'pieces.' One sometimes hears people—very respectable people, one had thought them—speak of 'the piece-bag.' 'The' piece bag! Having all the family pieces in one bag is not quite living all in one room, perhaps, but it points to a low state of civilization. (Of morals, too, one would think, if time and temper count for anything.) The complex modern existence of which we hear so much demands at least six. Twelve are better.

Selected Recipes.

Maryland Chicken.—If chicken is to be cooked for breakfast, a delicious variation of the common used broiler is a dish called Maryland Chicken. It is really the most appetizing form possible of southern fried chicken. Dress, clean and cut up a young fowl, sprinkle with pepper and salt and roll in flour. Dip in a beaten egg to which have been added two tablespoonfuls of water. If it is not possible to egg chicken by laying it in the egg; instead, hold each piece in the hand, turning it every way so it can be thoroughly wet, and pour the mixture over it with a spoon. Then fry in finely sifted bread crumbs and cover thoroughly with them. Arrange the pieces of the chicken in a dripping pan, so that as much surface as possible will be exposed to the heat and set in a hot oven. When it has been in for five minutes pour over it one-quarter of a cup of butter, being careful to baste each piece. Twenty minutes will cook it if the oven is hot enough; each piece will be inclosed in a crisp brown crust. Lay the chicken on a platter and make a cream sauce, using the melted butter in the dripping pan for a foundation. Set it on top of the stove and allow the butter to become hissing hot, then add two tablespoonfuls of flour and a liberal seasoning of pepper and salt. When stirred smooth pour in one cup of cream. Beat till very smooth with a wire whisk, then strain over the chicken. Garnish with parsley.—'Good Housekeeping.'

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